GRENVILLE LINDALL WINTHROP.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

SEVEN UNIVERSITY LECTURES ON THE TECHNICAL BEAUTIES OF PAINTING

BY

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TO MY FRIEND

LAURENCE HUTTON

PREFATORY NOTE

The following lectures were delivered before the students of Princeton College, Columbia College, and Rutgers College. Their reception as lectures has led to their publication in book form. The subject with which they deal is one well calculated to arouse differences of opinion. Modern painting is so largely a matter of taste that no one, not even an artist, is allowed to dogmatize about it, or lay down arbitrary rules for its production. Sometimes a candid statement of one's view or preference helps others to a better understanding or a keener enjoyment, and if these lectures prove serviceable in that respect their object will have been fulfilled.

New Brunswick, N. J.,
February, 1898.

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ART FOR ART'S SAKE

INTRODUCTORY

GENTLEMEN: In beginning this course of lectures on art, I must ask that you assist me in two ways. First, by giving me your attention. In a course of seven lectures it will be quite impossible to cover in detail the ground I have mapped out, and much must consequently be passed by with a mere suggestion. It will require your attention not so much to grasp what I may say, as to grasp what may be hinted at or left to your inference.

Secondly, though it is not considered good form to apologize beforehand, I must, nevertheless, ask your indulgence for mistakes that I may make. My subject is comparatively new. As Lord Bacon has expressed it, I am to attempt to speak of those things "whereof a man shall find much in experience, but little in books." Some of my theme would require half a lifetime to work out; some of it I am not able to work out; and some of it, again, from its purely speculative nature, never will be positively

worked out. The most of what has been written about the technic of painting is record of personal preference or the upholding of certain schools or methods; little has been said about it outside of the studios, and that little is often at variance with the practice of the painters. Naturally enough, a ground hedged about by contradictory opinions, varying experiences, and an occasional metaphysical pitfall is not one that a person would choose for easy travelling. While, therefore, you may profit by my missteps, I beg that you will grant me your indulgence for them.

I am not to speak to you of the history of art, nor of its theory, nor its philosophy, except incidentally. The rise of the schools of painting, the biographies of the great painters, the nature of the ideal, the real, and the beautiful, you will find in books. My subject is, in one sense, of a humbler nature. It is more material, more technical, and, if you choose, more practical. I shall speak of painting as practised by the painters of to-day and yesterday; and, as nearly as possible, I shall attempt to treat the subject from the point of view of the artist, not that of the metaphysician nor that of the public. It shall be my endeavor to get at the aim of the painter, and to examine art-products in the light of the producer's intention. In doing this the drift of these lectures should be, not toward teaching one

how to paint a picture, but rather toward giving one some idea of how to appreciate a picture after it has been painted. Such, at least, is their object, and with this object in view, I shall endeavor to explain and illustrate such pictorial motives as color, tone, atmosphere, values, perspective. I shall call your attention, so far as practicable, to certain well-known pictures, pointing out their good and bad qualities, and making my remarks apply as much as possible to modern art, of which we have, perhaps, too poor an opinion.

As introductory to this course, my first lecture will treat somewhat of the very different views of art held, respectively, by the artist and the public; and for our practical estimate of painting, the necessity of dropping æsthetic theories and school-traditions, and taking a lesson from the painter. What the painter's view is, may be apparent to us if we strive to understand one of the meanings of that phrase in the art vocabulary, "Art for Art's Sake."

LECTURE I

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

You are perhaps aware of the fact that there is a misunderstanding, it might almost be called a quarrel, existing between the painter and his public. The cause of it is an extremeness of view on the one side, and a misapprehension of purpose on the other side, with not a little intolerance on both sides. It is through such causes that quarrels usually arise.

The difference would seem to be largely about the subjects of pictures and the ideas which should be embodied in them. It appears that the painter wants to paint one thing, and the "average person," who may personify the public, wants him to paint another thing. The former, knowing the limits of his art, usually chooses to picture beauties of color, form, tone, atmosphere, light; the latter, knowing not too much about what painting can or cannot adequately do, desires that he portray the heroic of history as seen in the Gracchi or the Horatii, the romantic of to-day as it appears in

some touching love drama, or perhaps the comic of the hour as exemplified in the funny story. In his desire to possess an epitomized novel in paint, which may save the trouble of reading a three-hundred page book, the "average person" fails to appreciate that inherent pictorial beauty which of itself is the primary aim of all painting. The peculiar sensuous charms of color, the novelties of natural beauty, the feeling of the artist as shown in light and form and air are overlooked, and a picture is judged largely by the degree of skill with which it reveals a literary climax.

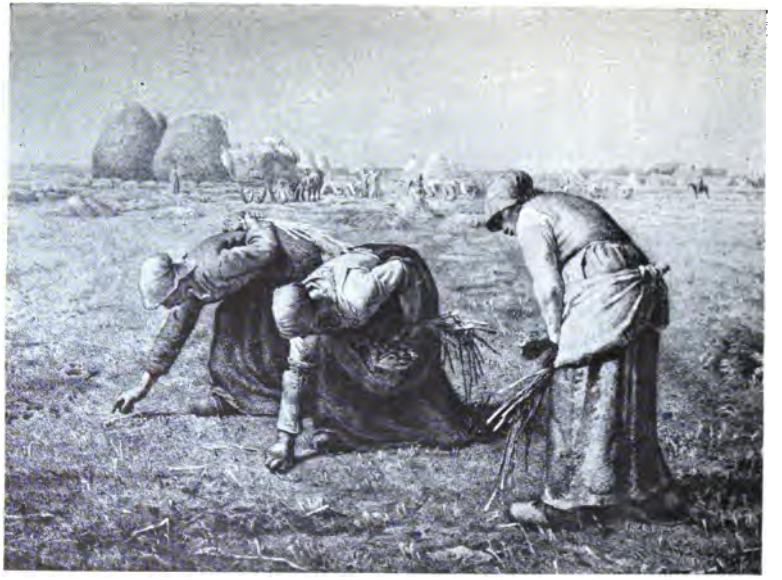
This popular conception of art degrades it by supposing it a means of illustrating literature; while the artist's conception, extreme perhaps because of opposition, oftentimes underestimates the value of ideas by giving undue importance to technical skill. As a natural result of such radical difference of belief there is an antagonism between the differing believers. The public sneers at the painter for his lack of ideas, and the incensed painter, in trying to say that art should exist for its own sake, its own ideas, and be judged by its own standards of criticism, often lays himself open to ridicule by extravagantly saying with a quoted companion in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly:* "An artist has no business to think at all."

All this reminds us of something we have known

before. It is the old spectacle of the controversial tourney-court with Quixotic riders dashing about and trying to spit each other on lances, not because of any deep wrong or grievance on either side, but because of a misunderstanding. Richard of Musgrave stands forth declaring that art should furnish us with literary ideas and stories; and William of Deloraine, in trying to say that it should not treat of literary matters, asserts that it has nothing to do with ideas of any kind. It must be evident that one of them is in the wrong, and, from past experiences with disputants, it is safe to assume that both of them are so. Perhaps this may be demonstrated by examining the question, "What is meant by an idea in art?" If terms were defined and positions understood at the start there would be little room for controversy.

In the order of inquiry it would be well to consider, first, the artist's mental equipment. For we wish to find out what knowledge is of the most value to him, and hence, the kind of ideas with which he is most familiar. Generally speaking his education has not made him a statistician of phenomena and actualities or he would be a scientist; his reasoning powers have not been especially developed or he would be a philosopher; he is not deeply versed in the moral or spiritual affairs of the world or he might be a teacher or a preacher; he has no great

fancy for telling stories or writing love episodes or he might be a novelist or a maker of ballads. As a painter he has one sense and one faculty, both of which, by the necessities of his calling, are perhaps abnormally developed. The sense is that of sight, and the training of it has enabled him to see more beauties and deeper meanings in nature than the great majority of mankind. The faculty lies in his ability to make known, to reveal to mankind, these discovered beauties and imports of nature by the means of form, color, and their modifications. The American Indian may have as nebulous ideas of Dumas's plots and counterplots as of Edwards' *Freedom of the Will*, or Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, because these enter not into the needs of his life; but he has the keenest of eyes for the sheen on a deer's coat, the flutter of a leaf, the bend of the grass, the overcast gray of the sky, because these *do* enter into the needs of his life. So the artist, though he may not fancy the comparison, is no great thinker on abstract themes of human destiny, nor exponent of saving truths of life, except incidentally, for as an artist he has little use for such speculations. But he has a sense for beauty in form and color, and a mind susceptible of receiving and revealing the most delicate and poetic impressions of that beauty. He is not a reasoner, but an observer; not a narrator of what he abstractly thinks, but a presenter of what



I.—MILLET, The Gleaners.

he concretely sees. His is an eye that notes a peculiar beauty in the gray mist of some lowland meadow, in the deep wine-red of oak leaves in November, in the white hot sunlight beating into an oriental court, in the light and shade on a nude shoulder or a gossamer silk, in the muscular strength of a torso, or in the manly dignity of a human face. "Thou will delight in drawing the vertebræ for they are magnificent," says Cellini, and his fellow-artists heartily agree with him. The whole world is but a unity of magnificent vertebræ, modelled with exquisite skill, garmented in a robe of many colors, of which the amethyst of the hills, the emerald of the forests, the sapphire of the oceans are but the leading hues, and canopied with a firmament of azure embroidered with the myriad broken splendors of the sun itself. Beauty is about us on all sides; not more in nature's mantle of joyous color than in her gray garment of sorrow, not more in sunlight than in shadow, not more in the majestic harmony of sea or mountain than in the warm monotone of low-lying sand-dunes, or the sad humility of outstretched marshes. But alas! for our untrained eyes and minds we do not perceive this beauty, we do not feel it, we do not know it. And the very fact that we are incapable of seeing it gives one very good reason for the artist's existence. He is the man whose education and natural bent of

mind have made him a seer, and, if he have any part to play in the human comedy, it is primarily that of a discoverer and revealer of these hidden beauties of nature and life. Therein lies his peculiar mental equipment, and, because he is best qualified to reveal such beauties as these, is good argument why his art should be largely confined to ideas concerning them. Why the artist is so limited, why he is little more than an observer, or at the best a thinker about what he sees, may be further discovered if we examine his material equipment, or the means wherewith he may make manifest his impressions or thoughts about nature. And this brings us to the consideration of the limits of painting.

You know that all ideas of whatever nature are brought to us through the means of the five senses. Three of these senses — those of smell, taste, and touch—it will be readily comprehended have nothing whatever to do with our appreciation of painting, and may therefore be put aside at once. The senses of hearing and of sight remain. That portion of the public which calls for literary ideas in art somehow imagines it can *hear* a picture—or at the least hear what some of the characters in it are saying—and it is through this very confusion of what should be told to the ear and what should be told to the eye that the misunderstanding between the artist and his public has arisen.

There is but one sense to which a painting may appeal, namely, the sense of sight. The broad division of the arts made by Lessing in his *Laöcoon* is quite correct. Those ideas which primarily need form and color to describe them should be shown in architecture, sculpture, or painting; and those which need sound or time-movement should be shown in poetry, oratory, or music. It may be well to emphasize the statement that sculpture and painting not only depend upon form or color, but that, inferentially, they can give no idea of time. By this is meant that these arts must seize upon the present moment and cannot adequately show anything that has to do with succession of events or duration. The past and the future are as blank to them as the unknown or the unseen. This may be practically illustrated from a picture by Cabanel in the Luxembourg called "Tamar." It represents a beautiful girl lying in a faint across the lap of an indignant-looking, dark-skinned chief, who is shaking a clenched hand at an imaginary person outside of the picture-frame. From the canvas alone one could make nothing of the story which the painter thought to tell, for the reason that the story requires duration and changes of scene which the picture is unable to make. Told in literature it seems that this girl, Tamar, has been badly treated by Amnon, that she goes to her brother Absalom for

redress, and that he swears vengeance. Here are three distinct scenes or acts. The poem or the novel can tell them all, one after another, but the painting can portray only one of them, leaving the other two to be supplied by the spectator's imagination—a quite impossible performance. Words may move in time and produce successive pictures to the mind until the whole tale is brought home to us; but a form drawn with the pencil cannot shift, a color put on with the brush cannot change. The picture presents us with only one idea. We know the girl is in anguish of mind from her position and pallor, we know the chief is angry from his scowling front and flashing eye; but who they are, and what the cause of these attitudes and gestures, we are at loss to conjecture. Left entirely to our imagination we might think it was an Othello and Desdemona, an Antony and Cleopatra, or almost any other pair of ill-fated lovers.

Suppose, again, a painter should choose to paint the scene from *Robert Elsmere* where Robert announces to his wife his determination to abandon his parish living, to give up his church. He might portray Catherine with a blanched face, and Robert with an agonized brow, but he could not tell us the preceding months of struggle and anguish which would be necessary to explain the scene. Time again is an element here, and successive changes—

movement — are required. The one scene alone without a title would represent Caudle and his wife during a curtain lecture quite as truly as Elsmere and his wife suddenly wrenched apart by a difference in religious belief. It will readily be comprehended, then, that in telling a story the painting is not always a success because it cannot express time. It must picture the present moment, and, moreover, it should picture that which can be understood by the unaided eye.

The sad jumbling of figment and pigment, the telling to the eye with a paint-brush of half a story, and to the ear in the title or catalogue of the other half, is quite unnecessary. There is something radically wrong with those pictures, other than historical works, which require a titular explanation. For if they be pictorial, in the full sense of the word, they will reveal themselves without comment or suggestion. The "Tapestry Weavers" of Velasquez, the "Sleeping Venus" of Giorgione, the cavaliers of Terburg, the interiors of Pieter de Hooghe and Jan van der Meer of Delft, what need have they for title or catalogue explanation? No more than the so-called "Venus of Melos," which is perhaps not a Venus; no more than a Watteau fête scene which may tell any story or no story; no more than Moroni's "Tailor," of which history gives us neither explanation nor conjecture. These works explain

themselves in line and color; the eye comprehends their entire meaning by one name as readily as by another. They have nothing to say to our ear, needing neither preface nor apology. This is equally true of Millet's fine picture of "The Gleaners" (Fig. 1). Some women bending and gathering stray grain-stalks, a sense of motion and life about them, a coloring, a light, and an air suitable to a warm afternoon in the fields, a sentiment suggestive of the elemental, the toiling nature of the peasant life, and that is all. But on the contrary, if we examine another celebrated picture by the same artist, perhaps the best known of all his works, "The Angelus," we shall find a literary interest crowded into the canvas to the detriment certainly of pictorial effect. The sound of the bells of the Angelus coming on the evening air from the distant church-spire may be heard in literature, but it cannot be seen in a picture. We must go to the catalogue to find the meaning of those two peasants standing with bowed heads in a potato-field. Suppose "The Angelus" without a title two thousand years hence, with the ringing of church-bells abandoned and forgotten fifteen hundred years before, would people comprehend or appreciate the picture as we now do a Parthenon marble? I think not; for it does not wholly rely for interest upon pictorial qualities, but leans very heavily on our exterior knowledge of bell-ring-

ing at sunset in France. The sentiment of the picture is charming, pathetic, beautiful; but it should have been written in poetry, not painted on canvas. For the eye sees color, light, air, perspective, and knows a pleasurable sensation in them, but it fails to grasp sound.

The same objection may be made to a picture by Poussin that M. Charles Blanc has spoken of as a masterpiece of sublimity. In the central foreground of a fine classic landscape is a group of sad-faced shepherds moralizing over a square tomb of marble. One of the shepherds kneels and traces with his finger the lettering on the stone: "Et in Arcadia Ego." If one happens to be a Latin scholar it is not difficult to discover why the shepherds are sad. The voice from the tomb speaks: "I too lived in Arcadia, I lived and loved and was happy as you are now, but alas! death came and my dust rests here." The sentiment is quite fine. So fine that it is to be regretted the pleasure of understanding it is confined to those who know enough Latin to read the inscription. Had the writing been true to history and Arcadia it would have been in Greek instead of in Latin, and then the group of admirers would have been still more limited. It may be well questioned if the sentiment of a painting should hang upon a written inscription and be for classic scholars to the exclusion of others; and it may be further questioned,

Was it worth while for Poussin to sacrifice the effect of his landscape composition, his painting of foliage, sky, air, his drawing and modelling of form, to so literatesque an incident as a voice from the tomb? Sir Joshua Reynolds has said, with his usual caution: "I fear we have very scanty means of exciting those powers over the imagination which make so very considerable and refined a part of poetry. It is a doubt with me whether we should even make the attempt." He might have added that the attempt to excite the powers of the literary imagination is not only a failure because of the inadequate capabilities of painting, but that it makes all pictorial qualities in the picture a partial failure also because of their subordination to the literary idea. If an artist wish us to hear, let him use poetry, oratory, or music; if he wish us to see, let him employ painting, sculpture, or architecture. The two cannot serve double purposes with any degree of satisfaction except perhaps in the case of historical pictures, which are designedly more illustrative than creative.

It seems then that the painter's ideas are limited to such subjects as may be comprehended by the unaided eye independent of time-movement, and that his language is limited to such symbols of ideas as form, color, light, shade, air, and their kind. When, therefore, people call for ideas

in painting — meaning thereby literary, anecdotal, moral, or religious ideas—and overlook with scorn the pictorial motives of the artists, they are simply asking that painting shall abandon its now proper purpose. On the other hand, those persons who maintain that "An artist has no business to think at all," or that painting should be devoid of ideas, are equally in error on the other side. The conservative answer to the question, "What is meant by an idea in art?" is, first, *a pictorial idea*—an idea conforming to the limits of painting. Whether an idea is pictorial or not may be tested in the first place by questioning if it will exist of itself and without a title. If we apply this test to the great pictures of the Florentines and the Venetians, they will bear it without flinching. Does it affect the beauty of their pictures if their women be called by the name of Madonna, Venus, Mona Lisa, or Fornarina? Does it spoil the story, or play sad havoc with the plot, if their men be known as Apollo, St. George, the Man with the Glove, or Jacopo the Gondolier? Not a bit of it. The pictures live today not by virtue of name or story, but by virtue of their modelling, coloring, light, character, force, power—all of them pictorial motives. Titian's so-called "Sacred and Profane Love" has been well instanced as an example of art existing for its own sake. No one knows what the picture should be

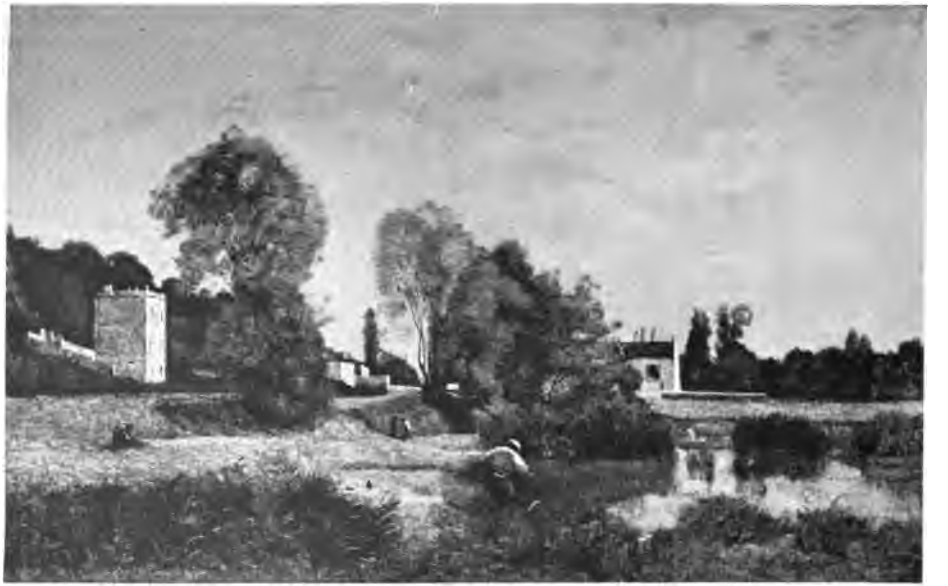
called, or why the two figures, one on either side of the marble fountain, have such different expressions; no one needs to know in order to enjoy the picture's beauty; no one cares to know, except perhaps the historian of art, seeking facts instead of æsthetic pleasure. This is equally true of the Dutchmen. Brouwer's topers, Hals's smiling musicians, Steen's fête scenes, Wynant's landscapes by any other name, or no name, would be quite as beautiful. Here in America is Rembrandt's picture called, for purposes of identification, "The Gilder;" does it affect our enjoyment of it that we do not know who was the sitter? Who ever thought of asking what a Tiepolo group is doing, or whether Fortuny's "Serpent Charmer" influenced the snake with his stick or with his voice? The canvases are pieces of color, light, air, painted brilliantly, sympathetically, artistically, and that is all there is to them. Their painters never intended them to be anything else.

A painter's idea, then, should be pictorial, but there is still a further condition imposed upon it. A mathematical problem on the black-board may in one sense be pictorial; that is, it may be comprehended by the unaided eye, but it would hardly do to put on canvas as a picture. Why? Because it appeals to the intelligence only, it does not in any way stimulate the emotions. In other words, it is

not of the realm of beauty. A pictorial idea should be a beautiful idea, but you must not misunderstand my use of the word "beauty." I do not mean merely the straight nose, the rounded arm, the perfect proportion which Winckelmann thought to be at once the body and the spirit of Greek art. Nor do I mean that quality plumed with iridescent wings or circumscribed by various definitions which we find in treatises on æsthetics. As usually defined by metaphysicians, "beauty" is not sufficient to account for the pleasure we feel in the presence of fine art. The word is capable of a broader meaning. For beauty may be in all things, in the mind that thinks, in the hand that paints, in the nature that is painted. It is as much in the personality of the painter as in the universality of the outer world. It does not lie in the refined alone, but in the true, the characteristic, the forceful—yes, even in the singular, the abnormal, and the ugly, provided they are not repulsive or disgusting. Something there must be, either in the work or the worker, that strikes home to our emotional and sympathetic nature, else there is no true art.

A painter may make a pictorial presentation of a cartman beating his horse (such was the subject of a recent Salon picture), or a group of monkeys dressed in men's clothing holding a court of divorce, and these themes may interest or amuse

us temporarily, but they do not in any way rouse our emotions with the feeling of beauty. Such pictures may possess a beauty of color or form, and they may live and be considered art for that reason, but certainly not by virtue of the beauty in their subjects. Oftentimes artistic execution, color, light, air, save an otherwise commonplace or repulsive theme; but that is no argument for the repulsive theme, often as painters seek to make it. It is color, light, and masterly handling of the brush that redeem Regnault's "Execution without Judgment," Fortuny's "Butcher," and Rembrandt's "Dressed Beef." The subjects or the ideas they convey are hardly beautiful in themselves, but are made so by superior artistic treatment, just as many a weed loses its natural bitterness under a salad dressing. Yet people rather like the Regnault "Execution" scene, not because of its color and handling, but because it hints at a ghastly story, and they like the humanized monkeys, not because of any pictorial quality, but because they are funny. A jest is easily grasped, but a new beauty, a sentiment, a state of feeling, is rather staggering, especially if the subject be of a humble or commonplace character. Should an artist choose to paint a weather-stained barn with open double doors and low-hanging eaves, he might show a beauty of sunlight in contrast with the deep warmth of the interior shadows; he might show that



II.—COROT, Landscape.

sunlight changing an edging of straw into bright gold, transforming a whitewashed beam into a centre of light, or turning a horse's coat into a mirror of silken sheen; he might flood the interior with atmosphere and color it with luminous hues, pitch it with truest values, tone it in perfect accord, but it is not likely that the "average person" would see these beauties. He is looking for something else. He wishes an art of ideas, as though these revelations of color, light, shade, air were not of themselves ideas worthy of his consideration. But he wishes another kind of idea, and so, for the purpose of again illustrating the anecdotal side of popular art, let us put in the picture what is desired, and we shall then have Mount's well-known picture called "The Barn."

Suppose, then, that on the floor of the barn, near the double doors, is seated a group of truant boys playing the forbidden game of cards, and having the bad boy's good time; suppose that along the side of the barn, unobserved by the boys, comes the sturdy farmer, with indignation written upon his face and a birch in his hand. Now we have a story in it, and the "average person" is well pleased. The idea is quite apparent. The boys are certainly in for a flogging. But let us put the story part of the picture upon the rack and test it by those requisites of a painting which we have thus far ad-

vanced. Is it pictorial? Yes; it may be said to fill fairly well that first condition because there is little or no time-movement to the incident, though the subject is hardly serious enough for painting, and would be better shown by black and white illustration in some comic weekly. There is a place for art of a literary nature, but it is not on canvas; it is on the pages of books and magazines. There it holds proper position, not as purely pictorial creation, but as illustration — sight help — to the running text. No one would deny for a moment the *raison d'être* or the usefulness of this form of art, but it should not show itself in oils, any more than miniature work should appear in ceiling fresco. But let us return to the analysis of the barn picture and test its story by the second condition of painting. Is there anything beautiful in the prospect of boys getting a flogging? Does the story appeal in any way to the emotions usually excited by the presence of beauty? Not at all; it is an incident that stimulates our momentary curiosity, like that of the cartman beating his horse, but we cannot say that we are benefited, charmed, or emotionally pleased by the representation of either scene. The story in the picture has no place there: first, because it is not beautiful; secondly, because it has a distracting interest which draws our attention away from those suggestive features of sunlight, shadow, color, and

atmosphere which *are* beautiful and which should attract the chief notice of the observer.

Just here I fancy you are beginning to wonder if all art ideas are to be made up from barns, haystacks, horses coats, tones, colors, and values. No, not all of them; but why not some of them? If the painter sees new beauties in such objects—beauties that we *do not* see—and can make them apparent to us on canvas, why should he not do so? Why should we not regard his work in the light of its intention, crediting it with what success it may possess? Why should we cast it aside because it is not an ideal Madonna, or a sublime piece of classical allegory? We can take pleasure in a china plate and never think of dashing it to the floor because it is not a Sèvres vase; and we can enjoy lyric poetry without lugging in a thought of the epic productions of Dante and Ariosto. Why should we not enjoy the slighter quality of painting in the same manner?

I am aware that all this sounds to you like modern heresy. Perhaps it sounds so because through the mother-country, England, we have been educated more in literature than in art, and because we conceive ideas by words more than by pictorial forms. Moreover, we have been taught by history and theory that the aim of art is the grand ideal, that it has to do with great moral truths, that it is a teacher of

men, and should deal with lofty themes of human interest. Such, indeed, was once the aim of art, but I would have you discriminate between what *was* and what *is*; I would have you avoid the application of old standards to new work. Nothing enduringly lasts to us. Civilization moves on; it never turns back. History may multiply analogies; it does not repeat likenesses. Philosophies, laws, arts, sciences, even religions change. Art, in Greece, in perfect accord with the Greek civilization, aimed at the ideal, and in that same age there was a religion of the gods and the demi-gods, a morality which, to say the least, our modern teachers of moral science would not approve of, and a code of laws which, if in force among us to-day, would cause a revolution to-morrow. For our practical use their religion, ethics, and laws have disappeared. We have substituted others more conformable to our needs. Why should we so persistently cling to their obsolete and (now) inappropriate art-ideal? Greek life was ideal, the absorption of the many into one, unity in art-craft and state-craft; modern life is individual, independent, self-reliant, self-assertive. Where the Greek sculptor modelled the ideal, the contemporary French sculptor models the individual. I do not say which is the better or the nobler aim, nor what should be our civilization and art; I state simply what exists. So again in painting, we should not

judge modern art by that of the Early Renaissance period for its aim is totally different. Italian painting started as an engine of the Church and was a means of illustrating and teaching the Bible to those who could not read, and a decoration of church walls and altars; but are there any such necessities to-day? Is painting an engine of any creed, sect, or moving power? Is it a decorator of churches? Is it anything but a means of sympathetic and emotional expression given to the individual man?

Perhaps this change in art-motive can be illustrated by taking, for example, that essentially modern product, the landscape. In its early days Claude and Poussin regarded it as an Arcadian setting within which could be placed Ionic and Corinthian temples, Roman aqueducts, peopled harbors, legions of soldiers, groups of nymphs, classic shepherds, and mythological gods. The whole conception was classic, eclectic, ideal; grandeur of composition and beauty of line were predominant, and the object of it all was to show the ideal dwelling-place of the gods—the new Garden of the Hesperides. With Romanticism in the early part of this century the conception changed, and landscape became beautiful by reason of its association with mediæval or modern heroes and their deeds. The sea stretched out upon canvas, not for its grandeur of power, its wealth of

shifting colors; but as the element upon which, between wave and sky, tossed the raft of the Medusa, or the boat containing Don Juan and his shipwrecked companions drifted on its hopeless way. The forest was not painted so much for its beautiful masses of varying greens, reds, and yellows, shotten with sun and with shadow, as it was for the refuge of Attila, Robin Hood, and Carl von Moor. The rising knoll of ground, with its sweeping lines of beauty, was but the resting-place of the castle where mediæval knights revelled and drank deep, or Manfred lived and died in solitary remorse. The desert existed not so much for its white light, rising heat, and waving atmosphere, as for the home of the roaming lion, or the treacherous highway of the winding Bedouin caravan.

In both the classic and the romantic landscape the painter took his theme from the historian, the poet, or the romancer; but the modern landscapist has forsaken both of these conceptions. He has come to discard associations, and to point out to us that there is a beauty in the forms and colors and lights of nature aside from man or his doings. The pale light that glows along the eastern hills at daybreak; the splendors of the sun as it sinks in the west; the trooping along the sky of gray rain-clouds; the masses of deep-colored foliage; the mists that float along the marshes; the sheen

on the surface of a woodland pool; even the white light on the bark of the birch, are all beauties to him. The mighty stretch of land that Claude and Poussin fancied, with its representation of lofty mountains, beetling precipices, and far-away valleys has been abandoned. In its place the modern landscape painter chooses some quiet country lane, a marsh, a patch of some field, or a corner of some garden. For the representation of nature upon canvas is not to be judged by its extent but by its essence. There is a delicate meaning in the humblest things about us. The meanest flower that blows may contain it. Bonvin saw it in the thistle and the bramble; the Japanese reveal it in the stalk of a reed, or in the color of a bird's wing. And to portray by means of emphasized form and color this essence of nature, to discover and interpret to us this delicate meaning, to make us see what the artist sees, and feel what he feels—to do this is one of the aims, perhaps the principal aim, of modern landscape painting.

The painting of to-day, you will thus observe, like the poetry, shows deep love for nature *per se*, independent of human association; and whatsoever subject the artist may choose, be it landscape, *genre*, still-life, or figure-piece, if he be a true artist, he will prove himself the one to whom nature reveals her finer phases. For, as Mr. Whistler has said,

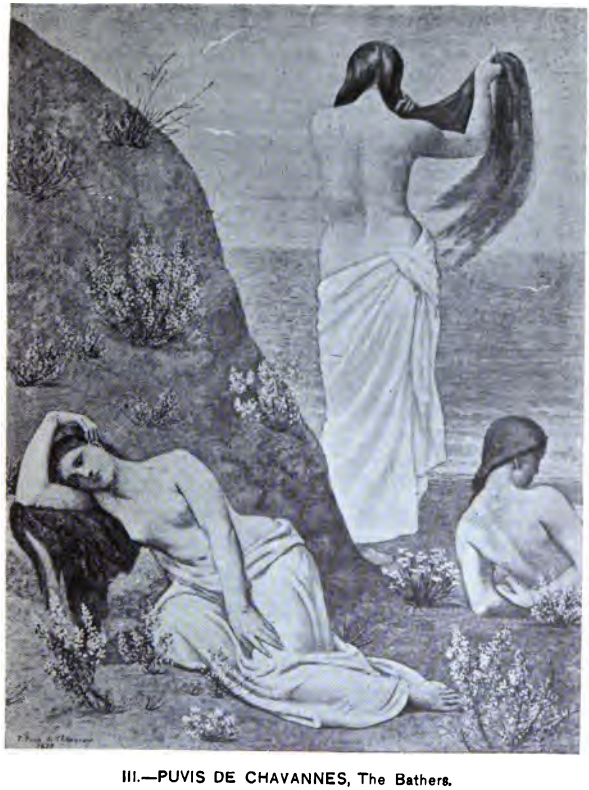
"He is her son and her master, her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her." Her lover ever, he sees beauty in her countless forms and faces, in her myriad hues and colors, in her shifting moods and aspects, in her fraction of a part, in her unit of a whole. For him the heap of straw upon the barn-floor turns to gold in the sunlight, the china plate becomes luminous with light as the white sun seen through a mist, the rose is a wonder-harmony of the most delicately blended hues, the Sèvres vase is a round, opalescent mirror, receiving and refracting a thousand tints and shades. For him fruit and silks and skies glow with color; morning, noon, and twilight produce different atmospheres; mountains, buildings, human beings, flow in graceful lines; the sunlight falls like Danaë's golden shower; the moonlight sleeps in silver across the land and sea. In nature—nature alone—he seeks his inspiration, and in studying her many works he discovers new and unknown features. Perhaps he sees a beauty in the falling rain, travelling over hill and valley; in the wind, sweeping the foam on the crest of a breaker; in the grayish-white effect of the dew on the grass in the early morning; in the sudden rush of light up the heavens that comes with the rising moon; in the burst of a sun-shaft through storm-clouds. If he does, why should he not paint it? To be sure such subjects and such ideas are

not the greatest imaginable, but when artistically handled they should have more than a bric-a-brac interest for us. To have known genius is no good reason for despising simple talent; nor is it worth while to discard one art because we happen to have been educated on another art. If we look at this modern art from a modern point of view and place ourselves *en rapport* with our time, we shall find it worthy of consideration. And it has not yet been concluded that these subjects form the outermost rim of the painter's ideas.

The portrayal of such beauties of nature as may be found in weather-stained barns, vases, china plates, cloud-effects, and atmospheres make up one kind of art—perhaps the art most frequently met with—but it has not been said nor intimated that there was no other kind. There is something more than I have described, something more of idea, but not of the kind for which the "average person" sighs. The only limit thus far imposed upon painting is that its conceptions shall be pictorially beautiful. Within that boundary the range is wide enough for any genius, however great. The artist may paint the sunlight on the floor in his room, or the sun itself; a pool in the street, or the great ocean; a water-lily as La Farge, or a forest as Dupré; the face of his wife as Rembrandt and Rubens, or the face of a madonna or a sibyl as Raph-

ael and Michael Angelo. For ideas while being pictorially beautiful may be small or great, weak or powerful, commonplace or sublime. And this brings me to the brief consideration of another element of the modern picture. Heretofore we have spoken of natural beauties discovered and revealed to us by the artist through ideas of form and color, or their modifications. But it is necessary to consider the change which a scene in nature may undergo in the course of its absorption and regeneration in the artist's brain. It is necessary to consider the more emphatic subjective element of the artist in his art.

Coleridge has suggestively said that painting is of "a middle quality between a thought and a thing—the union of that which is nature with that which is exclusively human." The definition is a good one, for painting is of a dual nature. It is not the literal scene from life that we care for, else we might content ourselves with a photograph. It is not the material facts of earth or sky or sea upon canvas that afford us pleasure, else we might get these perhaps by a glance out of the window and so not need their imitation. What we seek for in every great picture is nature combined with the human element. The artist, his manner of seeing, his manner of thinking, his manner of telling, becomes an important factor in the picture of which



III.—PUVIS DE CHAVANNES, The Bathers.

we needs must take account. The facts of nature—and when I use nature in this connection I do not mean landscape alone, but all things, whether animate or inanimate—the facts of nature, to possess a serious interest for us upon canvas, require to be heated with poetic fire, transfused, and newly wrought in the crucible of the painter's mind.

It is not worth while to say with Mr. Ruskin that the individuality of the artist should be utterly swept out of the canvas in favor of the truths of nature as they are; nor is it necessary to intimate, as M. Véron does, that these truths of nature are inferior to the individuality of the artist. Both views are rather extreme, though perhaps for the production of great art Véron is nearer right than is Mr. Ruskin. We may take the mean course and say that for a middle quality of art, which I shall attempt to classify hereafter, the two should go together. Nature, yes; but nature tinctured by the peculiar view, thought, or feeling of her interpreter, or, as Alfred Stevens the painter has put it, "Nature seen through the prism of an emotion." Daubigny's pictures of the Seine and the Marne have no great hold upon us because of their special truth to locality, nor are they great works because of their general fidelity to nature. They simply represent the poetic ideas of Daubigny about such natural beauties as river banks, silver skies, and evening atmos-

pheres. In other words, they are landscapes *plus* Daubigny—"the union of that which is nature with that which is exclusively human." This is true again of most of the work of that now famous French school of landscape painters known as the "men of 1830," whom Daubigny succeeded. Corot's landscapes (Fig. 2) contain as much of Corot as of Ville d'Avray. They are merely ideas of white light, misty air, breathing expanding trees as seen, felt, loved, and worshipped throughout a long life by as sincere a lover as nature ever possessed. And it is because his landscapes are distinctly Corotesque landscapes that we like them. The paintings of Decamps, Rousseau, Diaz, are all precious to us for a like reason. Each artist has his peculiar view; each is a poet after his own kind, telling truly and sincerely what he sees and thinks to be beautiful in nature; each is possessed of an individuality that pervades his art and turns the canvas, one into the bright light and life of the Orient, one into the volume and mass of earth, air, trees, and skies, and one into the depth of woodland foliage lit up by broken lights and the reflecting surfaces of woodland ponds.

The work of Millet so aptly illustrates this poetic art, this nature stamped by the impress of man, that I must call your attention to his fine picture of "The Sower." I have spoken of this picture be-

fore, but, simply for the sake of variety, I will not now discard it for a newer and poorer illustration. The peasant of Millet, considered historically or ethnographically, is not essentially different from the peasant of any one of Millet's hundred imitators; but after being brooded over and thought over in the painter's mind, he became an entirely different person. He became endowed with poetry and art, because looked at from a poetic and artistic point of view. The dusk of evening, with its warm shadows, falls about the Sower; the heavy air, which the earth seems to exhale at sunset, enshrouds him; luminous color-qualities form his background; a rhythm of line, a swinging motion give him strength and vitality. It was thus the *artistic* eye of Millet saw him. In the twilight sky, in the deep-shadowed foreground, we see that the Sower works late; in the sweat and dust upon his face and the hat crowded over his brow we see that he is weary with toil; in the serious eyes looking out from their deep sockets we see the severity of his fate; yet the strong foot does not flinch, the swinging arm does not falter, the parched lips do not murmur. His life is but a struggle for bare existence, a battling against odds, but how noble the struggle! how strong the battle! A type of thousands in the humble walks of life bearing patiently the burdens laid upon him, though the world has long neglected

him, and fame has never honored him, yet he is no less a man, a brave man, a hero. It was thus the *poetic* mind of Millet conceived him.

Here in this picture of the Sower we have a good instance of that something "between a thought and a thing" which Coleridge took to be the aim of art. Here we have the idea in art, but it will be observed that it is quite different from the narrative ideas of literature. It is not a statement of fact, but a suggestive impression; not a realization of absolute nature, but a hint at those deep meanings which will not bear realization—those meanings which a sensitive soul may know and feel, and yet be able to express only in part. For the idea in art is at the best not like a clear-cut intellectual thought, but rather like a sympathetic sensation or an emotional feeling. Yet call it what we choose—emotion, feeling, thought, or idea—it is about the only mental conception that painting is capable of conveying or revealing. Without it one may produce art admirable by virtue of novelty, color, form, skill of hand—the verve of the artist; with it one may produce a higher art, speak a nobler language, serve a loftier purpose. For what one simply sees in nature and portrays as it is seen may be good art, but what one thinks or feels about what one sees produces much better art.

Yet there is still a third, a higher quality of painting. For poetic feeling is as wide as poetry itself,

and may be lyrical, sentimental, epic, or sublime. There are grades and degrees of poetic conceptions rising from mediocrity to lofty heights, and as a painter's observation is dull or keen, as his feeling is indifferent or passionate, as his mental capacity and imaginative power are weak or strong, so may his art be of a commonplace nature, or of that kind which breathes the mystery and awe of prophetic things from the vault of the Sistine.

Sublime art is so rarely seen, though we often hear the adjective applied indiscriminately to pictures that have the flavor of age about them, that it is scarcely worth while to more than mention it here, especially as I do not treat of it hereafter. It is not produced by equal parts of the subjective and the objective elements, but rather by a predominance of the subjective. To attain sublimity in painting, the thought must be so all-absorbing that it overawes form; it must carry us away with its sudden revelation of might; it must present to us the individual strength of its producer so vividly that in its contemplation we forget the forms of the picture. A good example of this in literature is the epitaph written by Simonides for the monument above the three hundred at Thermopylæ: "Thou who passeth by say at Lacedæmon we lie here in obedience to her laws." Here the form or language is very little, but the idea of self-sacrificing heroism is very great.

A parallel sublimity in painting has been rarely, if ever, seen. The man who came the nearest to it was Michael Angelo. The unfinished marble of "Day" in the Medici Chapel is a climax of great art, and the great mystery-haunted Prophets, Sibyls, and Genii on the Sistine ceiling are its counterparts. Some others, like Palma Vecchio, Titian, Veronese, and Rubens, have bordered upon sublimity, and a number of others, like Blake, Delacroix, and in America, John La Farge, have barely fallen short of it.

It is scarcely to be regretted that sublimity is not a more frequent quality of art, for perhaps if it were common it would cease to be sublime. Gold gathers unto itself value from its scarcity, as sublimity in art from its rarity. Both are admirable things, but the success of the sublimity-hunter and that of the gold-seeker are not essentially different. Perhaps, then, we would better take warning and not try to test every picture for sublimity lest disappointment stare us continually in the face. It were wiser for us to learn the appreciation and enjoyment of commoner beauties, and if, in the course of our lifetime, we chance to meet with rare ones we may enjoy them all the more from never having known them before.

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The attempt to classify different styles of painting under general heads is not usually attended by

happy results, but for the purpose of recapitulation I shall try to place modern art and modern art ideas under three heads:

First. The art which discovers and reveals to us beauties of nature by artistic ideas of form, color, light, shade, atmosphere, and their kind.

Secondly. The art which is a union of natural beauties with the artistic and poetic ideas of the artist.

Thirdly. Sublime art wherein the idea or individuality of the artist is predominant over all forms.

The third class of art is, as I have intimated, rarely seen. The second class is commoner than the third, but by no means common. Its exponents are such men as Delacroix, Corot, Millet, Troyon, who are justly considered the great modern masters. Something will be said of these men and of their art, but not a great deal concerning the poetic side of it, for I shall speak more of the painter than the poet. The first class contains the great bulk of work not only in modern times but in all times. From it painting rises to higher planes. It is the initial class for all artists of whatever rank, and in one sense they never get beyond it. The masterpieces of the schools, whether ancient or modern, were considered by their producers, first, for their quality of line, color, light, or shadow—in short, for their purely sensuous painter's element—and, secondly,

as vehicles for the conveyance of poetic, religious, or other ideas. As I have attempted to show you, this first kind of art is not the greatest imaginable, but it is that which we shall see the most of, and should perhaps know the most about. Its study would naturally lead us to consider the artistic treatment of natural beauties by means of color, tone, light, values, composition, drawing; and perhaps we would better begin our study by speaking of color and the different methods of its use among modern painters.

LECTURE II.

COLOR

It has been for many years the teaching of the Classicists and the Academicians that the chief features of a picture is its drawing; that either the winding line, or the straight line, or the broken line, as the exigencies of the case require, is the one and only thing of beauty; and that other features of painting, such as color, atmosphere, light, shadow, are but after-considerations, mere decorative effects. So deeply rooted in the *École des Beaux Arts* in Paris is this teaching that a saying of one of its early defenders has passed into a proverb: "Line is absolute; color is relative."

As a matter of fact there is no such thing in nature as line. Objects may appear in strong relief when seen against opposing backgrounds, or they may be so blended as to be almost imperceptible; they may have a round edge, a square edge, or a flat edge, but the supposed line is nothing more than the distinction between different colors. A human hand resting across the front of a black coat

may appear to have its sharp outline, but this is because of the contrast between the coloring of the flesh and the coloring of the cloth. Still we need not push that point too far. For in the art of painting line may be said to have a real existence, and its correct drawing is certainly of importance; but the statement that this is primary, and all other features secondary or subordinate to it, is only one of those extravagant assertions which occasionally emanate from partisan lips. It could as well be said that the human skeleton is absolute, and that the flesh, muscles, and skin, the blood that brings the glow into the cheek and the lustre into the eye —in short, the very life itself—are merely ornamental nothings. Without color the whole universe would appear but the dry bones of inorganic matter, like that dead satellite the moon whirled onward in its passive way, airless, colorless, soundless, lifeless. Color may, indeed, be considered the symbol of life. For so associated is it in our minds with animation, virility, growth, power, that its absence means to us the presence of death. But while color gives the show of life it is perhaps little more absolute or independent than line itself. True, form may exist in a way independent of color, as in charcoal work, etching, and engraving; and so the blue of the sky, the gray of the atmosphere, the drift of smoke and cloud, the greens of the ocean,

the sheen of a silk or a rug, may be expressed with little or no line; but in the main one is dependent upon the other, and both are necessary features of painting.

In the eyes of the painters, as distinguished from the Academic draughtsmen, color is esteemed the very highest quality a painting may possess. By it one may suggest lines, lights, shadows, perspective, and in it one may show his individuality, his sentiment, his mood or passion, his painter's enthusiasm. In music harmony is for the present at least the final word. There is nothing beyond it. And so color-harmony is now the loftiest pitch to which the painter may attain, the consummation of his art. Good drawing is not infrequently met with among all schools, but how difficult of achievement is color-harmony may be indicated by simply reciting the names of the colorists during the last four or five centuries. From the years one might think the number would be large, but in reality among the thousands of painters who have lived and produced and died, we may count the great colorists on our fingers. They are Titian, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Rubens, Velasquez, Delacroix, and perhaps some few others who had the color-sense — the inclination rather than the consummation — like Rembrandt and Chardin. The small number may be accounted for perhaps on

the score that there is always a paucity of genius; but it may also argue another point, namely, that color-harmony is not yet fundamentally comprehended, and hence is exceedingly difficult to produce even by men of genius. Claims have been put forth at different times by different people who have thought they possessed its basic secret, but no one of them has yet given a satisfactory working explanation of it. The French say that though the laws of color should be studied, yet theories cannot produce the colorist; and the colorists have all taken precious good care not to explain anything, if indeed they themselves consciously understood the working of their own faculties or instincts. Nevertheless there is some truth in the theories, and we would better glance at them a moment in passing.

For some of these color-theories we are indebted to science. It has done much toward establishing certain ground principles. It has, for instance, demonstrated that color is made apparent to the eye by waves of light in a manner analogous (in its general result at least) to that of music brought to the ear on waves of sound. The sound-waves set vibrating the delicate fibres of the auditory nerve and affect us pleasurably or otherwise as the fibres, like harp - strings, are harmoniously touched or swept by the rude hand of discord. The light-

IV.—LEONARDO DA VINCI, Mona Lisa (La Gioconda).

waves, as they are long or short, set vibrating the no less delicate fibres of the optic nerve, or to speak more accurately, the nervous substance of the retina whereby we see color, and produce in us the sensation of pleasure in a like manner. Whether it be a luminous wave striking the eye, or a sonorous wave striking the ear, the effect is similar though the sensory organs be different, and though sound and light themselves be different in construction.

The motive or travelling power of light is an inherent quality, and the component parts of light or light-waves have certain proportionate velocities which have been scientifically tabulated. Thus, when the light-wave is $\frac{1}{39000}$ of an inch in length, it produces red to the eye; when $\frac{1}{41000}$ of an inch in length it produces orange, and as the waves decrease in force we see yellow, green, blue, and violet on through the spectrum. It is these waves of light varying in length that produce color for us, and the different substances which we have come to regard as colored possess no color in themselves, but only the power of reflecting waves of light of certain lengths. But though colors have no actual existence outside of our eyes they practically may be said to exist and to depend upon the reflecting power of objects. When the tree dies the green of the leaf fades through loss of vitality, in the same way that the sound of the harp-string is hushed

when the propelling force is removed; or, to speak scientifically again, the light-wave which produces in us the sensation of green is destroyed by the leaf losing its power of reflection. Dulness of color is due to a loss of vitality either in the reflecting substance or in the light-wave; brightness of color is due to a high vitality or a stimulated energy, as we shall presently note when we come to speak of complementary colors.

So far so good. This is a clever and doubtless a true explanation of the manner in which our nervous organization is effected and sensation produced; but we are still far removed from the cause of harmony. Science successfully analyzes light, motion, and sensation; but what notes, how many, in what proportion shall they be struck to produce a physical sensation of pleasure? We know Hamlet's pipe is capable of discoursing most eloquent music, and we may analyze the sound of it and our own sensations of pleasure in it; but the art of the player baffles us again. The stopping of the frets here, and the opening of them there, so that they produce melody; the putting of a color in this place, and a color in that place, so that they produce harmony, is this governed by an unalterable scientific law, or is it simply a matter of individual feeling in the artist? M. Charles Blanc, speaking for the theory of Chevreul, says the former; but though

the law of complementary and contrasted colors has been known to artists since the days of Delacroix, yet the race of that rare manner of man known as "the colorist" is no more plentiful on the face of the earth to-day than before the law's discovery.

The substance of Chevreul's theory as set forth by Blanc is this. White light is the union of all colors. Its decomposition or dispersion makes the different colors apparent as one or more of them are separated from the whole and reflected. Thus the rays of light falling through a glass prism are broken into the colors of the spectrum; falling upon a Jacqueminot rose they pass into and are absorbed in the rose itself with the exception of red, which is rejected and reflected; falling upon grass they are again all absorbed with the exception of green. A piece of coal absorbs all color and remains black or colorless; a sheet of white paper rejects all color and therefore remains simply white, or colorless again.

There are, correctly speaking, six colors. Three of them—red, yellow, and blue—are primary or simple colors; and three of them—green, orange, and violet—are binary or composite colors, because they can be formed by mixings of the three primary colors. Each color has what may be called its complementary opposite, or that color by union with which white may be produced. Thus green and red are

complementary and seek each other because each contains the elements needed by the other to make up white. Being complementary their identities are destroyed by mixture—that is, by mixing they become white; but, on the contrary, if placed side by side they heighten each other's brilliancy by reflection. This is for the reason that every color will cast about it a halo or flush of its complementary color. Thus red is always bordered by a faint tinge of green, and green by a faint tinge of red. A shaft of sunlight passing through a hole in a yellow curtain will throw a light suffusion of indigo on a sheet of white paper, indigo being the complementary color of yellow, or that color which yellow needs to make up pure white. The scientific reason for the appearance of these halos of complementary color would require too much time to explain here, and besides it is not very important to us; but you need not doubt the fact, for it has been fully demonstrated. Again, it has been demonstrated that the shadow of a color does not show the color itself but a complementary color—a fact which has given some show of scientific reason for the purple and violet shadows of the Impressionists. It is also well known that colors placed upon canvas appear to change somewhat when contrasted with other colors, through what is known as optical mixture.

Three conclusions may be drawn from this law of

color contrast. First. That brilliancy is obtainable by placing colors complementary to each other side by side, because each lends to the other its favorable halo of color and thus tends to increase the brightness.

Secondly. That dulness of color is obtainable by placing *uncomplementary* colors side by side, because each dulls the other by casting an *unfavorable* halo of color. Thus yellow, if placed beside green, would throw a slight, almost imperceptible, indigo upon the green ; and the green in turn would throw a suffusion of red upon the yellow. The result upon both colors would be a loss to some extent of their resonance, their brilliancy, and their transparency.

Thirdly. That an optical mixture may be obtained by the employment of complementary colors. If we look at a red spot for a few moments, and then shift the sight to white paper we shall see a faint green disk appear. Applying this fact to landscape a painter wishing in a shadow a faint tinge of green might, by the use of red in the object, create the appearance of green in the shadow.

Here again we have a valuable scientific demonstration of the manner in which the brightness, the dulness, the partial destruction, or the mixture of colors is produced ; and yet we are not nearer to the cause of harmony. Brightness is no nearer to it than dulness, and both of them were known to the

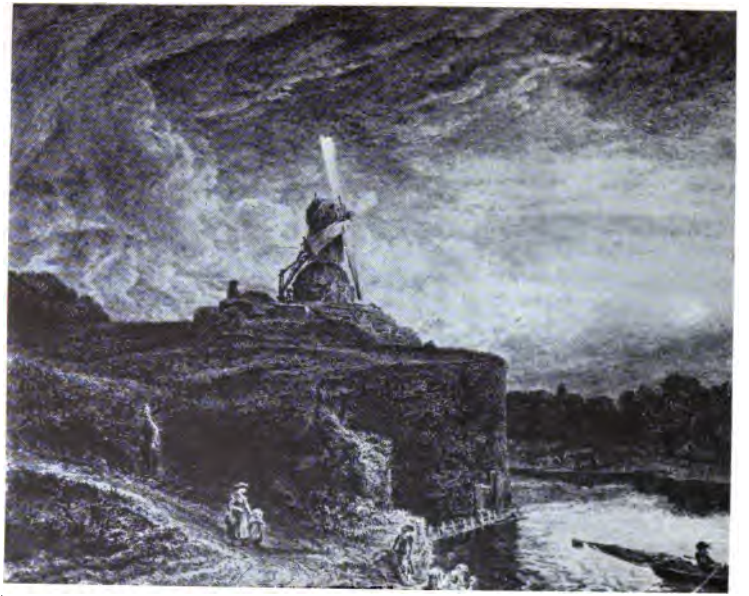
ancients centuries ago. Rubens revelled in prismatic brilliancy, but was he more of a colorist than Velasquez with his broken reds and silver grays? Delacroix had a considerable knowledge of optical mixture and made practical application of it, but as a colorist he falls short of Paolo Veronese, who probably knew nothing about it. Science would seem to have beaten about the bush because lacking in power to go directly into it. It tells us how we are affected, how colors are mixed, augmented, or dulled, how they live, die, and travel; it has also builded some theories founded upon the constants of color, purity, luminosity, hue, and their uses; but it does not tell us precisely what is harmony, nor analyze the motive of the colorist in his placing of hues. Perhaps it is more the affair of art than of science to tell us this, yet should the same question be asked of the painters their answers would be even more indefinite than those of the color-theorists. For they, too, are in ignorance of any positive law or formula for its production. They follow certain practices taught in the studios, but these may or may not produce the desired results only as the practiser has, or has not, the color-instinct. Much depends upon the temperament of the artist—in fact almost everything. The subjective element—the genius of the individual, working unconsciously, perhaps—must never be lost sight of for a moment.

It is a quality of art that makes a law unto itself. Homer's poetry may form rules of Greek prosody; but all the Greek prosody in the world would not make Homeric poetry. The works of the great colorists furnish chromatic teaching for the guidance of their imitators, but the observance of the teachings does not make the imitators great, though it may greatly improve their talents.

The most common of all the studio teachings is based upon the division of the colors into warm tones and cool tones; the warm ones being the reds, oranges, and yellows; the cool ones the blues, greens, and violets. They are regarded as warm or cool as they approach or depart from the color of fire or sunlight, because of the sentiment or feeling they convey, and because of the effect they produce upon us. Thus white clouds, purple or snow-clad mountain peaks, and dark-green foliage give us the feeling of a Scandinavian landscape because they reflect the coloring of a cold clime. Yellow sands, heated air, heavy shadows, and warm skies bring us upon the desert, because they reflect the coloring of Sahara. So again a summer sky affects us with a sense of coolness or warmth as it is blue or flushed with yellow; and, in a similar manner, the blue-greens of the ocean speak to us of cold and storm, while the opalescent tints reflective of the sky, intimate warmth and calm.

In painting, the relief of warm colors by cool ones, or *vice versâ*, has been the practice more or less of all the painters, and is to this day. Some artists, following Correggio, build a picture in circles, making the centre warm and the surroundings cool; while others, following some of the Florentines, reverse this plan of action by making the centre cool and the surroundings warm. Some intermix warm and cool tones in the body of the work, as did the Venetians; and some place them side by side, as did Rubens. The manner is a matter of individual taste and cannot be reduced to rule. The effect of this intermixture, and contrast of warm and cool tones can scarcely be called a color-harmony, but rather an agreeable sensation arising from the moderation of the temperature of the picture, so to speak. The extremes are avoided, or rather they balance one another, and we are neither chilled with cold nor irritated with heat. This is, however, more of a negative than a positive quality, and is not sufficient of itself to account for harmony.

Next to the relief of warm colors by cool ones comes the practice of contrast, or the placing of primary or complementary colors by the side of their opposites. The Italians, down to the time of the great Venetians, used the opposition of primary colors, such as red and blue, so continuously that to-day a Renaissance picture with one saint wearing



V.—REMBRANDT, The Mill.

a blue robe and another saint wearing a red robe may be set down with considerable accuracy as of Italian origin. The simplicity of this coloring, Sir Joshua Reynolds maintains, comported well with the biblical themes the Italians painted, because it gave dignity and severity to the characters. The contrast, though harsh, was exhilarating, stirring as the blast of a trumpet, and appropriate to the subjects depicted as are the quick sharp notes of martial music to the marching host. But there is some doubt if they employed the primary colors with that aim solely in view. Sir Joshua, like a Shakespeare-Browning editor, credits his subject with a full quota of ideas, and then puts his own ingenuity into the bargain. It is quite as probable that the Florentines knew no other color-method, for these same primary tones appear in almost all of the early Italian and Renaissance pictures without much regard to the subjects chosen. In the attempt to avoid monotony a contrast was produced little short of a discord. To be sure the pictures do not appear violent to-day, owing to the mellowing effect that disintegrating time and many coats of varnish have had upon them, yet they are not now remarkable pieces of color-harmony, however excellent they may be in line and composition.

The Bolognese painters—the Carracci, Guido, and others—made the discord less apparent by some-

times washing out the primary colors, or breaking them into lower tints, the effect being that the jar of sudden transition was partially removed but harmony not yet attained. In modern times the revivers of Florentine methods, like Ingres and his following in France, and the Pre-Raphaelites in England, have only succeeded in reproducing, phonograph-like, the same shrill tones. Harmony by contrast of the primary colors, with some notable exceptions, cannot be accounted a success by the experience of either the past or the present. Such a color-scheme is too palpable, too crude, too violent; it lacks cunning in its design, depth in its sentiment, refinement in its feeling. There is a certain rhythm or flow of color, as there is of line, which the free use of primary colors abruptly checks; the eye feels the interruption and recoils from it as from a sudden shock.

The contrast of *complementary* colors in its use has been attended with more pleasing results than that of the primary colors. Orange placed beside blue appears not out of place, nor red beside green. They move together, each borrowing from the other some of its light and beauty. Delacroix, well versed in complementary colors and their play, used them perhaps more effectively than any other painter of his time; and to-day the French and Spanish painters are fond of them for the production of

brilliancy. All painters affect them somewhat. Even those who paint gray skies and early spring landscapes will occasionally put a blue-frocked man in a picture to tone down its greens, or a red-shawled woman to brighten them. Where bright hues are sought the contrasts are sometimes made very strong. An Arab dancer, for instance, may be robed in orange and blue, or a woman on a green side-hill may be dressed in red, or have over her head a scarlet parasol. The effect of vividness is certainly obtained in this way, and there is undoubtedly some harmony about it arising from the affinities of the opposed tones.

Generally speaking the contrast of the primary colors is too violent; that of complementary colors, while equally vivid, is a closer approach to harmony for the reason I have just given, but does not yet fairly strike the mark. Now, if we do away with contrast altogether as the chief color-aim, and examine the *accord* of similar or closely related colors, we shall, I think, be nearer an understanding of harmony, though we shall not wholly account for it by any process of reasoning or logical theory. Color appears at the best advantage when treated in a manner analogous to that in which light and shade are dealt with. A portrait which shows the shadow under the eyebrow dull black or brown, and the light on the nose pure white, is "forced," and

quite intolerable, except in the hands of a Rembrandt. The change should be gradual, and neither dark nor light used in extreme measure. So the transition from the pink of the cheek to the ivory-yellow of the throat should be by stages of progression, not abruptly or violently. This gradation by very delicate, at times imperceptible transitions, is characteristic of all nature. There are few sharp breaks or changes in landscape, but rather a gradual mingling, a blending of all colors into one harmonious tone. The green of a tree seen against a blue sky appears to be a harsh contrast of opposed colors; but the light through the branches of the tree changes the green to a shade of gray, the atmosphere helps the graying-down process, until, between the two, we have not a green but a greenish-gray; or, if there be sunlight, a greenish-yellow, either of which colors makes an agreeable transition to blue. And for a more delicate gradation of color consider the petal of a rose with its imperceptible blendings, or the flush of an evening sky leading upward toward the zenith, or the eastern sky at sunset. This succession of tints following each other so rhythmically is one of the most charming beauties of nature, appearing not in the countless shades and tones of landscape alone, but in all things of visible life. Nothing is too small or too insignificant to have its gradations and changes of colors, and the

more delicate they are the less likely we are to see them. The opal in a ring kindles, flames, and color-fuses as we turn it; but the unnoticed pebble at our foot, the scales of a fish, the coat of a tiger, or the cheek of a child will change and shift, blend and intermingle in a no less wonderful and beautiful way.

In painting it is not at all necessary that the whole register of color from red to violet should be travelled through in the attempt to gain a harmonious result. The accord of similar tints may be sufficient, provided each tint holds its proper place in the scale. By "proper place" is meant not the position of colors as they stretch across or up and down the canvas, but as they recede in the background. This involves what is known in studio parlance as "value," the meaning of which I shall endeavor to explain more fully hereafter. It is sufficient for the present to say that the faithful maintenance of values requires that every shade or color in a picture shall be placed as it would appear in nature, and shall hold its proper relationship in the scale of light or dark to other shades or colors. Fromentin, himself a painter and a high authority, has said that "the whole art of the colorist lies in this knowledge, and in employing the exact relation of values in tones." At the present time value to some painters has come to mean, primarily, the slight difference in light pitch between similar tints or tones, as, for

instance, the difference in whites between a white handkerchief and the white snow upon which it may be lying, between a gray house and a gray sky, a pink flower and a pink dress, a green tree and a green hill-side seen at slightly varying distances. The bringing out of these delicate tones of color by giving them their just value in light or dark is considered by the best modern artists to be the great secret of color-harmony. Alfred Stevens, who as a painter has a refined color-sense, says: "The painter who does not know how to 'detach' a lemon on a Japanese plate is not a delicate colorist." Here we have the problem of values again—the giving of the relative importance to the coloring of both the plate and the lemon which shall place them in proper relationship—and here is the problem of color-harmony by gradations of similar tones, the solution of which Stevens seems to think the manner in which delicate coloring is obtained.

We have now before us the principal methods of handling color employed by the painters, the relief of warm colors by cool, or *vice versâ*, the contrasts of primary and complementary colors, the blending of similar tones and colors by gradation and values; yet we are still somewhat in the dark as to what is harmony and how it is produced. Perhaps the blending of colors by gradation and values, of which I have just spoken, produces the nearest approach

to a sought-for effect which when seen we recognize as harmony. At least we would better so consider it. In the meantime, while we are unable to solve the entire problem, we shall not go astray if we class the colorist with the poet as a person born and not made. And harmony we must regard as a pictorial poetry, the product of a special faculty or individual feeling, a something which cannot be brought to book nor ruled into method. For our practical use in trying to judge of harmonious coloring in pictures, perhaps we should pay less heed to theories than to our senses and our taste.

Man has two kinds of taste, a natural taste and an acquired taste. In a state of barbarism the natural —the physical—man outbalances the mental, rejoicing in the strong, the violent, the unrefined. He knows neither delicacy nor grace, neither tenderness nor sympathy. Animal force, limited skill, crude instincts are his chief possessions. In the civilized state all this is changed. The mental man outbalances the physical, and education eradicates the natural taste in favor of an acquired one, which is stronger and more suitable to cultivated life. The mind under training becomes tempered like a Toledo blade, it has fineness, keenness, subtlety ; the trained taste is but a reflection of the mind and requires skill as well as force, and depth as well as height. Thus it is that in a matter of color our Western

Indian rejoices in crude ochres, flaring reds, and poisonous greens; decorates his implements of the chase, his moccasins, his leggings, his tent-skins with these colors; and when he goes on the war-path stimulates his courage by applying to his person an extra quantity of them. The old civilization of the *Eastern* Indians shows quite the reverse of all this. With it delicacy of shade and richness of hue predominate, primitive colors are seldom used, and broken tones are so placed that they do not jar, but blend like the bleached foliage of late autumn or the delicate harmonies of a summer sea.

We would do well to take a lesson from the Orientals in this matter, for they teach us what is undoubtedly true, that there is a difference between color and colors, and that good color does not exist in brightness, sharpness, and contrast alone, but appears more frequently in mellowness, richness, and accordance. It is not the upper treble that pleases the cultivated taste so often as the lower notes. Yet the startling beauty which bright color possesses when well handled, as in some of Rubens's pictures, is undoubtedly a very high type of art, and naturally it is one much affected by young artists. The inference of many of them is, perhaps, somewhat like our own, namely, that color means *bright* color, and the brighter it is the nearer is the painter approached to a colorist. As a result we find the modern art-

world abounding with canvases checked and counter-checked by contrasts, and so discordant with flaring hues as to give a well-trained eye a temporary attack of ophthalmia or strabismus. Doubtless the producers of these canvases try as best they know how to follow the Fromentin formula of choosing colors beautiful in themselves and arranging them in appropriate and beautiful combinations; but, unfortunately, they do not know the beautiful in color, and, judging from the manner in which their pictures are admired, one might say that we know even less about it than the artists.

Now when there is a very small percentage of the world of painters made up of colorists in high keys, perhaps the wisest thing we can do in looking at pictures is not to spend our time in searching for examples of these exceptional men. Rather should we try to get some enjoyment out of those pictures which deal with a less florid and a less ambitious color-gamut. We shall not make a mistake if, as a general rule, we give our attention to low-toned pictures, or even those that are almost monotone, to the neglect of those which are vividly set forth. Our gain will be in more ways than one.

First. The low-toned pictures with few colors may be simpler and broader in color-composition, and simplicity and breadth serve a purpose in aiding comprehension by directness.

Secondly. Their color is never irritatingly conspicuous, nor are they solely dependent upon it for success.

Thirdly. A certain percentage of very good painters use only dull and faded hues for the very reason that they are not conspicuous, and because they lend to the portrayal of other beauties, such as atmosphere, light, shadow, and their kind.

By choosing first low-keyed pictures and pictures simple in color-composition, we shall not only rid ourselves of a great many crazy-quilt affairs, but among them we shall be more likely to find good pieces of work than among those of brighter and more variegated hues. To be sure, the successful management of high diversified color evidences a wider scope, a more masterful command, and hence a more complete beauty than may perhaps be found in the lower notes; but we would be in error did we infer that all beauty lies in the upper scales and that the lower notes are simply negative. The red rose may be thought the most perfect of flowers, but is the pale violet less beautiful in consequence thereof? The crimsons and golds of sunset flame and glow with brilliant splendor, but turn about and see if the pearly grays of the eastern sky have not their color-charm as well. Among the Gobelins it is not the brightly colored but the low-toned, pale-keyed tapestries which are the most sought after, and there

is a method, not a fashion, in the preference. It is the charm of accord—the unity of color—that pleases. And so in the dull clouds hanging over the Jersey marshes in November, in the volumes of silvery smoke thrown up from factory chimneys and locomotives, in the reflected grays of the pools and the creeks, the faded yellows and browns of the rushes, there is a wealth of color-beauty which only the trained eye can appreciate. Such a scene may have infinitely more refinement about it than the scarlet foliage and blue sky of an October noon-day. Sunlight colors, and it may also *dis*color by too great an intensity. There is often more charm in twilight than in sunlight, and more beauty in storms than in fair skies. Witness the heavy lowering days of spring that hang over the North Atlantic like a veil, the trooping clouds, the swirling rains, the whitened foam, the cobalt blues and emerald greens of the waves. Such a scene does not perhaps appeal to us so powerfully at first as that vivid sunset on the rim of the iridescent plane of water, the sun itself sinking into the depths like a great wheel of fire; but its very sombreness may be its charm and its sullen mood a note of power.

The chief reason, however, why we should first look to low-keyed pictures is not that they are, by themselves considered, better or worse than high-keyed pictures; but that in proportion we are likely

to find more good work among the former than among the latter. It need hardly be said that every picture painted in low colors is not, in consequence thereof, a masterpiece of art. Worthless pictures may be painted in grays as readily as in scarlets; but, as I have intimated, the low colors have an advantage over the high ones in that they are not so pretentious, and therefore, not so flagrantly offensive in failure. Bad grammar in a dialect may be irritating enough, but bad grammar in a court language like the French is quite unbearable.

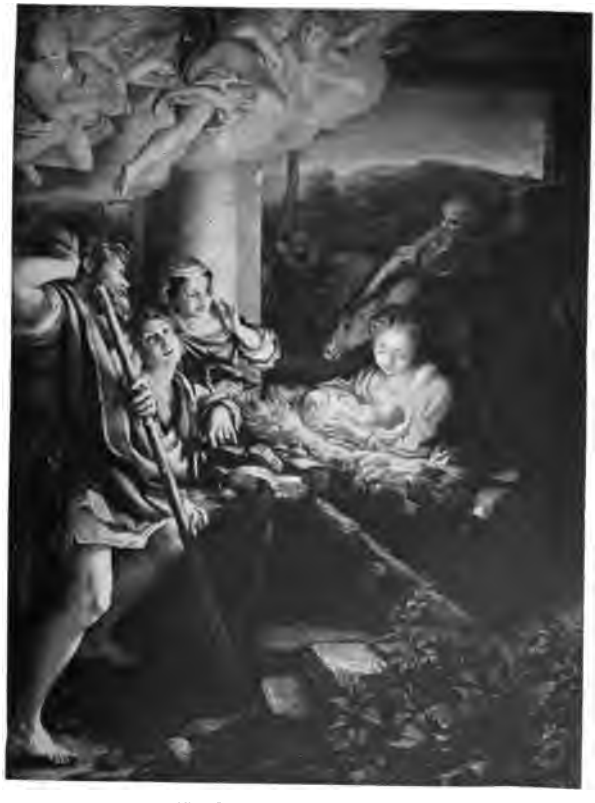
Again, it is hardly necessary to infer that every bright picture, is in consequence of its brightness, a bad picture. On the contrary, the Venetians, not to mention Rubens, were famous for their high keys. But it will be readily understood, I fancy, that their works belong among the exceptionally good, and we are not now considering the few but the many. If red and blue in their primary intensities are quarrelling hues—and they do quarrel in many pictures by the old masters—it is apparent that they will be less antagonistic if their intensities be reduced. Pale blues and reds placed side by side will not jar so violently as bright tones of the same colors, and dull tones like brown and gray will not jar at all.

Next to the low-toned pictures we would do well to regard those of deep rich color, for they again are oftener good than the bright ones, and for

the same reason. Depth of color, as distinguished from shallowness and crudeness, may be easily detected if we place upon the floor a well-worn Daghestan rug and beside it a new American rug of factory manufacture. The one will be seen to have body, warmth, and richness to it; while the other will have a surface hue, as though the color were only skin-deep and liable to wash off in the first rain-storm. Of themselves there is nothing tawdry or crude about woods of pine, maple, and cherry; but place them beside a piece of old mahogany and they suffer by comparison. So again the old Cordova leathers have a quality, a richness about them which is not apparent in the bright English moroccos. As a matter of taste a deep color is almost always preferable to a primary intensity. We do not hesitate to choose an Indian-red in preference to a brick-red, a peacock-blue to a sky-blue, or an olive-green to a grass-green. The lighter hues strike us as too gay, too flippant, too flimsy; while the deeper tones comport better with dignity and what we call "good style" or "keeping." It is, for one reason, because depth of color has a quality of beauty in itself that so many artists employ it in their pictures. It was the strength and mellowness of the notes that led Brouwer and Teniers and Pieter de Hooghe to use deep golden browns in their interior pictures; it was the warmth and glow

of garnet reds and Egyptian yellows that led Decamps and Fromentin to use them in their Oriental scenes; and Diaz, Jacque, Dupré, all chose deep, broken tones of brown, green, and orange, not because they always saw them in nature, but because they always felt that those colors possessed strong character and pure beauty in themselves.

There is another reason why some painters have preferred deep colors to light ones. A color of any grade or degree is primarily used to subserve one of two purposes. Either it represents beauty as color in itself, or it stands as the representation of a certain sentiment or state of feeling. It has been said that one can give a blind man an idea of the color red by telling him that it resembles the blast of a trumpet. In that sense all the colors of the spectrum may be regarded as symbols suited to express different sentiments; and the strength of a sentiment may be interpreted by the deepening or the lightening of the hues. Thus, while a bright hue may portray a shrill cry of anguish, as a singer pitches a shriek in the upper scale, so a low tone may disclose a dark despair, a crushing sorrow, such as the singer interprets again in those mellow notes, not loud but deep, which move us to tears of sympathy. It is thus that Delacroix tells us the despair of the lost in the deep blues of the "Shipwreck of Don Juan," and in the "Dante and Virgil;" it is



VI.—CORREGGIO, La Notte.

thus that Watteau gives us the light airy spirit of his characters in the gay reds, yellows, and light-greens of his *fête* scenes; it is thus that Millet speaks the hard uncompromising life of the peasant in the dull browns, mournful grays, and sad yellows of "The Woodcutter" and the "Spaders." Poet, musician, painter, may all use like means to the attainment of like ends. It is the skilled Timotheus of the lyre whose smooth notes incline the king to love and pleasure, whose sad notes subdue him with the thought of Darius fallen from his high estate, whose clanging notes rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder, and lead him on to revenge and fury. If, then, the poet and the musician strike the deep notes oftenest, it is because they portray the deepest passions; and if the painter mix warmth and shadow depths with his hues it is often for a similar reason.

This sentiment seems to be an accompaniment to the subject portrayed, and belongs to it by association as much as a blue sky to a bright day. There is, perhaps, a certain appropriateness in the use of gay colors for a ball-room scene, and dull colors for a funeral, bright colors for a comedy, and sombre colors for a tragedy, and many artists have so used them; at times, indeed, to the distortion of nature which really possesses no sentiment in itself. But there are numbers of brilliant exceptions to any

law that might be derived from such a practice. Titian, Tintoretto, Rubens, and Goya offered an atonement for the tragic scenes they portrayed in the splendor of their coloring. With them sky, earth, air, do not weep and grow sad in sympathy with the suffering hero. Christ staggers beneath the cross on the way to Calvary, surrounded by the rich colors of a Cæsar's triumph; martyrdoms of saints by fire and sword are luminous with light and brilliantly keyed in reds and yellows; and the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition are pictured in shrewd harmonies of blood and flame.

There is no association of color with the sentiment of the subject in such instances; but there is, however, a subjective emotion—a state of feeling in the artist. The painter has a way of revealing himself in color, and by color telling us what beauties of nature he loves the best. Regnault, at one time in his career, seemed to live for clear air and bright sunlight. He had a passion for them which was all-absorbing. They were the inclination of his taste, the incarnation of his ideal of beauty. Naturally those bright tones that revealed light and air the best were the ones he oftenest chose to use. The subject mattered little. If he used red it might be in the form of a brick wall, a silk robe, or a pool of blood. Any one of them served to express his feeling for color. With Courbet it was quite

the reverse. His mood appeared almost always sombre. Did he paint the ocean, it was not brilliant with blues and greens, but heavy with tempest and darkened with rolling clouds. Did he paint a combat of deer in a summer woodland, it was with deep browns and greens and heavy shadows, sunlight and blue sky were banished, and light-colored foliage was shunned. Did he paint a portrait, it was again a scheme of solemn, deep tones, a head peering out of gloom, a hand coming out of darkness. But this was the way Courbet felt. His color-notes were the index of his artistic character. They revealed the sentiment and the feeling of the man—those two qualities which he sneered at all his life and intimated had no place in art.

Different again from both Regnault and Courbet was Corot, who looked to the early light of morning as the supreme beauty of the universe. The grays, browns, and pale yellows of his landscapes are but so many notes of a painted lyric—the song of a new Orpheus to the coming dawn. Color and light were never made more direct revealers of personal sentiment than with Corot. His color was not deep like that of Dupré, nor varied like that of Rousseau. In conceptions of beauty he was not so diversified as they were, nor so turbulent in demonstration. His was a clear, pure flame, burning on throughout a long lifetime; theirs was fitful, flaring up at times

with great splendor, and then again sinking down low in the socket. It would not do to say that their sentiment was deeper than his because their color was so. For here none of them attempts to associate color with any extraneous sentiment about the landscape. In each case the color used tells merely the personal sentiment or preference of the painter, and the sentiment depends not upon the depth or height of hue so much as upon the emotional depth or height of the man.

And lastly we come to high color, the harmony of which is, perhaps, the most difficult problem and the most admirable feature of the painter's art. The very rarity of a high-keyed harmony, the genius required for its production, might be sufficient reason for our admiring it; but there are other good reasons inherent in the colors themselves. Our applause for the high notes of vocal music is not all given to the difficulty of the accomplishment. The pure beauty of the notes themselves captivates us. It is so with the high notes of color. When harmoniously used they constitute not only climacteric art, but beauty in the superlative degree. They have sweep, resonance, penetration, strength of feeling; they have the capacity of revealing depth of emotion; they have the ability to raise us on the wings of the sublime. Infinite in power as Shakespeare's liquid words, they form the epic language of the Shakespeares of the brush.

But just how one should distinguish the Shakespeares of the brush from the Tuppers of the brush, and just how one should discriminate between the true language and its tawdry imitation would be difficult to tell in words. Every rule that could be formulated would be subject to so many exceptions as to render it quite worthless. We know and feel the quality of good color in contradistinction to bad color, but how we know it we are somewhat at a loss to divine. Were color a reasonable thing it might be subjected to law, but it is decidedly unreasonable, in fact it hardly appeals to reason at all, but rather to a sense or instinct. We turn over different patterns of silks or wall-papers, rejecting dozens to pick out one that pleases us. The *mind*, practically speaking, has nothing to do with the choice. It is the *eye* that says instantly whether a coloring is pleasing or not, as the waves of light strike the sensitive nerves of the retina pleasurably or otherwise. All the reason in the world could not make us enjoy the sight of Indian war-paint, nor the sound of grinding glass under foot. The nerves rebel without questioning the faculties of reason, or the theories of science. It is chiefly by the sensitiveness of the eye that we are able to discriminate between good color and bad color, between harmony and discord; and our classification of color into low tones, deep tones, and high tones, is merely to point

out the degrees of color, and to indicate in what proportion their combinations upon canvas have been found harmonious by people of taste. For that purpose the classification may be of service in enabling one to avoid much that is bad in color, and in giving the proper direction in the education of the sense of sight, but no more. Sensitiveness to color is undoubtedly increased by experience, for sight is susceptible of cultivation like any other sense; and the only way that people ever become good judges of color-harmony is by continually seeing and studying it in the best models. We can learn much by association, for the human being is, after all, of the chameleon breed, assuming readily the coloring of his surroundings.

Though it is impossible to give an adequate rule that will enable one to appreciate readily a harmony of high color, yet there is one point that may be mentioned here, more by way of suggestion than dictum. There is a difference in the qualities of high colors arising from their mixing and their handling, and this difference is easily detected. In the city of New York one may buy on the street corner, for two or three dollars, frame included, what is called a "genuine oil-painting," as indeed it is. These pictures are usually painted in very florid colors, but if you examine the colors closely you will find them shallow, muddy from bad mixing, lacking

in transparency, and utterly devoid of feeling or sentiment. They have on their faces the stamp of crudity, such as we associate with the rampant lion on the tavern sign. On the contrary, if we study some of the pictures of Alfred Stevens, for instance, we shall find the colors quite as high, but of a different *quality*. His colors are possessed of richness, body, strength. They look pure as jewel lights, or ocean depths, and they seem to sound mellow as cathedral bells. The difference between the two is similar to that between the golden shields of Solomon and the brazen shields of Rehoboam. We should not be led astray by the brazen shields in art. They are the imitations, the counterfeits that pass current for value. Sound them to the eye as one rings the coin to the ear, and their baseness is immediately apparent.

I now wish, before closing with this subject, to speak in brief of some of the chief colorists whose works you may have seen, or may be fortunate enough to see hereafter. Refined color—note the word *refined*—is not found with any primitive age or people. It seems to belong to the latest period of enlightenment; it is associated with wealth, luxury, splendor; and it is sometimes looked upon as the forerunner of political and social decay. Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome, so far as we positively know, did not possess it. The colors of the Egyp-

tians and Assyrians were primitive and crude. Those of Greece and Rome are supposed to have been very fine on the hypothesis that painting was on a par with sculpture and architecture; but such fragments as have been exhumed do not quite warrant this assumption, the colors being decidedly harsh even after centuries of toning down. The Renaissance even did not produce refined color, except at Parma with Correggio and in its after-climax at Venice. The Florentines, if we except a man here and there like Andrea del Sarto, were more remarkable for line than for color. The Venetians, wherever or however they got their color-sense I cannot now stop to inquire, were the first great harmonists, beginning with the Bellini and the Vivarini, running on with Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Palma the elder, Bonifazio, Paolo Veronese, and finally, in decay, closing with Tiepolo. Though the Venetians handled color in many different ways, yet the general color-characteristics of the whole school are great warmth, brilliancy, richness, depth, and resonance. The earlier painters of the school never showed the splendid qualities of Titian and Paolo Veronese, and the last disciple, Tiepolo, seemed to discard the deep notes of color for light pale hues. You will usually find Tiepolo set down in art history and criticism as a superficial imitator of Paolo Veronese, but a study of his work will convince you that there has been a mistake

VII.—DIAZ, Edge of the Forest.

about him. His color is luminous, cloud-like, and perhaps thin; but it is harmonious, and, moreover, strikingly appropriate to the ceiling frescos for which he was famous.

German and English art cannot be said to have ever had a great colorist at any time. Some of the early Germans achieved something approximating color; and in England Mr. Ruskin has made great claims for Turner, but they are hardly substantiated by the works in oil and water-color of that artist in the National Gallery at London. Holland and Belgium, on the contrary, have produced many colorists of varying degrees of excellence. Rembrandt, with his deep ruby reds and garnets, his yellows, grays, and browns, vigorously handled and splendid in their warmth under shadow, was the great leader of the Holland school; while Rubens, painting in lighter keys, and mingling cool, warm, contrasted, complementary, and accordant tones all together at times, was the leader of the Flemish school. A number of other painters of these schools should be mentioned as colorists in a limited sense, Jan van der Meer of Delft, Jan Steen, Brouwer, Terburg, de Hooghe.

The French painters have always dealt freely with color, but they never attained much success with it until the time of Watteau, a light and graceful painter, with not a little feeling for harmonious

effects. His contemporary, Lancret, and his pupil, Pater, followed his methods, and in a somewhat similar, though more conventional vein were Boucher and Fragonard. Chardin, one of the most charming colorists in French art, stands quite by himself. Delacroix, the leader of the Romantic School which began to rise about 1825, to make round numbers, was perhaps the leading colorist in French art. Contemporary with him and after him came a number of painters handling color effectively, like Decamps and Fromentin, the Orientalists; Rousseau, Dupré, and Diaz, the landscape painters; and Baudry and Millet, the figure painters.

Spanish art has several notable colorists in its history anterior to the present century, chief among them being Velasquez. His work is usually remarkable for pure color handled with great simplicity and directness. Long after him, Goya, with some success, followed his methods, and after Goya, in the 1860's, came Fortuny, a leader in the brilliant and the dazzling, who possessed much facility and some power, but unfortunately died young, leaving an incompleted record. Fortuny's example has been followed by the Spanish school of to-day, which claims among its adherents many lovers of bright color, like Madrazo, Villegas, and Rico.

Here in America we never had much art worth considering until some dozen or more years ago;

so we have reason to be proud that we to-day possess painters like La Farge, Sargent, Dewing, who are not inferior in their handling of color to the moderns of Europe whom I have mentioned.

LECTURE III.

TONE AND LIGHT-AND-SHADE

THE subject of Tone follows naturally after that of Color. For it is intimately connected with color and, in a way, taken in the mass, it is color, or at the least is so regarded by some of the American painters.

The word is used very loosely in criticism and in the studio, as art words generally are, and means various things to various people. To begin with, in a limited sense and as applied to single notes, it may have a meaning independent of color, as we say "a light tone" or "a dark tone," referring to the quantity of light or dark contained in it regardless of tint or hue. In that sense we may speak of the light or dark tones of a charcoal sketch or an etching as readily as of the tones of a painting in high color. Again, the word is often coupled with adjectives that give it a positive meaning; as, for instance, we speak of a "cool" tone, a "warm" tone, a "deep" tone, a "rich" tone, meaning thereby certain qualities which colors may possess in or out

of a picture. These meanings of the word it will not be necessary to speak of further because they explain themselves.

But tone has a larger, and, unfortunately, a more confused meaning in painting than mere color or light qualities in single notes. The word is also applied to a picture as a whole, and, so far as I can make out, it is used in three different senses in certainly three different countries, though I would not be understood as saying that all the painters in any one of the countries to be mentioned agree in one understanding of tone.

1. It seems that here in the United States some of the painters, especially the younger men, regard tone as the prevailing color or intensity of a picture, as we say the tone of a landscape is gray, that of an interior piece is red, that of a still-life yellow. Not that each note in these instances should of necessity be gray, red, or yellow, but that the general color scheme should be tinctured by one of these hues sufficiently to reflect it throughout the whole piece. We may call this color-tone.

2. In England the older painters understand by tone the proper diffusion of light as it affects the intensities of the different objects in a picture; and the right relation of objects or colors in shadow to the parts of them not in shadow and to the principal light. This to me is largely a matter of value

(French, *valeur*, a word for which the English sometimes substitute "keeping"); but inasmuch as it is useless to dispute about the terms that people choose to use, we must accept that of the English painters. Let us call this light-tone.

3. In France there is a third meaning given to tone, and, of course, every young student at Julian's or the *Beaux Arts* will assure you that it is the right one and the only one. This French meaning, which is not universally accepted even in Paris, regards tone as the *enveloppe*—the whole setting and atmospheric make-up of a picture, wherein, if correctly rendered, all objects, lights, and colors take their proper places. This I should say was a mixture of aërial perspective and value again. For of late years that word "value" seems to be a studio phrase for almost everything that has to do with the relationships of air, light-and-shade, and color. Nevertheless, let us refer to this as envelope-tone.

Aside from these understandings of tone you will find a beautiful haziness of thought and indefiniteness of meaning in the use of the word among all classes and nationalities of painters. In fact, it is a convenient term often lugged in by the ears to fill up a mental vacuum or round a sentence, and, as a result, there is a confusion which people sometimes think to clear up by arbitrary insistence upon their own understanding of the word. Let us try to avoid

that at the least, though inconsistency be the result.

Regarded in the American sense for its color alone, as we shall first regard it, tone argues to a certain extent uniformity, and perhaps similarity. There must be one well-defined hue of color so strong in quantity as to preponderate over all the others and give a distinct character to the whole. It is no matter if the color be high or low, provided it be dominant; but the parcelling out of a given space to many hues will not answer. Hence the dress of our childhood's friend, the harlequin, with its fantastic and checkered colors can hardly be looked upon as a revelation of color-tone; while the dress of his companion, the fairy, in its fluffy confusion of pink gauze, pink bows, pink stockings, pink slippers, is quite the reverse. The gray day upon the Jersey marshes, which was spoken of in my last lecture, will illustrate simple color-tone even better than the dress of the fairy. Smoke, sky, air, trees, water, foreground, and distance appear tinged with one hue as though the gray night-mists in departing had left their coloring on the things they had touched. The predominant note is apparent at once, and if such a scene were painted upon canvas it would properly be ranked as a gray-toned or a low-toned picture. The critics, if they spoke of it at all, might add that it was "good in tone," perhaps meaning

thereby that the predominance of the one color was well maintained, and that each note of the color-gamut was in the proper key.

The similarity of tone in color to tone in music offers one way of illustrating a meaning rather difficult of explanation. Should you ask a young American painter what he means by the word, he might say to you that a true or a false tone in a painting is the exact counterpart of a true or a false note in a piece of music. The analogy certainly seems quite perfect. The color scheme of a picture, to be in tone, must be keyed to a certain pitch of color, and all the notes must harmonize with that pitch. If in a piece of music written in two sharps, notes be accidentally introduced belonging to the key of four flats, discord would be the immediate result. The musical flow would be broken by the introduction of alien sounds destructive to the melody. So if one paint such an Oriental scene as a Rose Festival, with the purpose of obtaining color-tonality, the whole piece should be keyed to the color of rose. The dresses of the women, the coloring of their hair and cheeks, the roses, the wall-hangings, the lounges and rugs must all be flushed with pink, so that if the canvas were placed on a revolving pin and whirled rapidly around, the coloring would blend into a uniform rose tint. Break this tint by, say, several large quantities of purple or blue, imme-

VIII.—RAFFAELLI, On the Seine.

diately there is a clash, and color-tone exists no more.

The one tint or hue must prevail, yet this does not argue that all other hues are to be rigidly excluded. Flats are introduced into the musical key of four sharps without an unpleasant sensation, but they do not occur often, nor are they more than half-notes when they do occur. So in the gray landscape it will not jar to have a red chimney on a house, and a small patch of blue in the sky; nor will a *tache* of green or yellow mar the color-tonality of the Rose Festival, because such touches are but partial notes. But give up half the picture to one color, and half to another color, or even encroach upon the predominant hue by so much as one-third or one-fourth of another hue, and perfect color-tonality is gone.

You may often see good instances of color-tone among the woven fabrics and embroideries of the East, which are being brought in abundance to our country at the present time. The ground of these stuffs is generally of one tint, and upon this ground are often woven many other tints in various figures and patterns. But it will be noticed that these figures and patterns are generally small and unpretending, and that their combined color-effect, whether opposed or similar, does not equal one-fifth of the dominating power of the ground upon which they

are placed. If we stand back at so great a distance that the patterns cannot be seen, the color-tone of the ground will be still plainly visible, and the whole will appear as one uniform coloring. This may be seen again in the closely woven Daghestan rugs, in the Spanish enamelled leathers, and in the finer pieces of Japanese lacquer-work. The work may be relieved or heightened by touches of sympathetic or even contrasted color here and there, but the general complexion of the whole should be pronounced and positive.

This phase of tone, regarding it for color only, which I have been trying to illustrate—and it is very hard work, I assure you, for the proper illustration belongs to art, not to literature, and should be seen by the eye, not told to the ear—this phase of tone will be associated in your minds with one tone, or decorative tone. But it is not quite monotone. Neither the rug nor the embroidery is like a roll of cartridge-paper or a peach-blow vase. The monotony of the one tint in the ground is broken by many other tints, which, though perhaps of the same family, and in sympathy with the chief tint, are nevertheless somewhat different. This difference is still more marked in color-tone pictures, where very often there are no two colors of exactly the same hue, not even in the ground of the picture; but all the tints will be found of the same com-

plexion, and tending toward a common-color goal. However, it may be admitted that perfect color-tone approximates monotone without entirely paralleling it. To please by uniformity of coloring is certainly its object. Perhaps the pictures of Puvis de Chavannes (Fig. 3), Cazin, and others are as good illustrations of color-tone as may be offered.

Between the American and the English meaning of tone there is some difference, though possibly it is largely a difference in terms or a confusion of cause and effect. Mr. Ruskin, in his *Modern Painters*, gives as his primary understanding of tone the right relations of objects to each other as regards their substance and shadow. This "right relation" is largely brought about by the proper distribution of light, or the giving (approximately) to each object or color that quantity of light or dark which it would receive in nature. In actual landscape this distribution of light frequently produces a softening, a mellowing, or a "toning-down" effect, and that effect, showing, as it often does, in a uniformity of tint, is what the American painter calls tone; but Mr. Ruskin and the English painters give the name to the cause instead of to the effect, and speak of tone (in one sense at any rate) as the distribution of light. A painter, for whose opinion I have the most profound respect, once explained to me the effect of tone, as he understood it, by saying that "it was

like looking at objects through a great gauze veil—the veil in nature being produced by sunlight diffused through atmosphere which 'tones' in a uniform light all the objects seen." The illustration was not without its truth. We see the same effect actually rendered by artists in their so-called "artists' tableaux," in which a picture by some famous master is reproduced by placing living models in the setting of a large picture-frame over the front of which a transparent gauze is stretched. The gauze is placed there to give an effect of tone. Seen through it the figures back of it appear tinged or touched or modified by a harmonizing element resembling light and atmosphere.

We see this same transparent veiling in nature at every turn. The Jersey-marsh scene shows it. The landscape itself is rather sombre in coloring, but it is largely the diffusion of broken light that produces the gray atmospheric effect of the whole. It changes and subdues by its touch, and no matter what local colors there may be in the trees, the houses, or the grasses, the gray will tinge them all. The light of early morning and twilight may likewise produce color-tone effects, the half-light silvering everything until the whole scene presents a uniformity of complexion such as we have often observed in the landscapes of Corot and Daubigny. Yellow sunlight again, if properly diffused so that

every color in the picture is touched and modified by it, as we may see in Millet's "Gleaners" (Fig. 1), and in some of the landscapes of Cuyp; or even yellow lamplight as seen in the interiors of the Dutch painters and some of the moderns like Besnard and Kröyer, may either of them produce a color-tone effect. Such lights as these furnish us with tone in both our own and the English sense; but color-tone (the American sense) in full clear sunlight is hardly a possibility. Under the direct rays of the sun every color may jump to its highest pitch, and, by comparison, every shadow may sink to its lowest depth. There is contrast rather than uniformity, and just here is the American point of departure from the English meaning. For the proper diffusion of sunlight, regardless of any uniformity of tint or hue, and the maintenance of each shadow in proper relation to the chief light make up one, perhaps the principal, English meaning of tone—make up light-tone. In a landscape, for instance, a white house, one-half of which is in shadow and one-half in light, must not only show in itself the properly related tones or qualities of white under light and white under shadow, but its light and its shadow must be pitched in relationship to every other light and shadow in the scene; and all the lights and shadows must pay a relative allegiance to the highest light, whatever that may be—sky, water, or snow-

clad mountain-top. If this perfect relationship were shown in every object and in every light and shade throughout the whole scene the result would be a sense or feeling that everything in view was illumined by one kind of light and in one atmosphere; and that would be what an Englishman might call "good tone" (light-tone), though it might not reveal that uniformity of hue which an American might call "good tone" (color-tone).

There is another, or rather an accompanying meaning of tone, from the English point of view, which deals with color and which requires a moment's consideration. This is the second feature of tone as laid down by Mr. Ruskin, and its successful treatment requires the painting of a given color in different intensities of light, showing the different intensities, but still maintaining the original quality of the color. It is not an easy thing for the painter to do. A red cloth, one part of which is in sunlight and one part in shadow, remains unchanged in its quality though changed in its shades. We instinctively feel that it is one and the same cloth under different intensities of light. But to paint it that way, to give the intensities yet preserve the quality, that is not easy of accomplishment. It requires a well-trained eye to see, in the first place, and a well-trained hand to record, in the second place. Trickery, *chic*, and studio receipts are of little avail. The artists have a

maxim, "Paint it as you see it," which is wholesome advice indeed, but in this case rather difficult to follow. Some try to evade this direct method by scumblings or glazings, with the idea of putting in the shadow over the original hue, but I believe the success of this at the present time is often questioned.

Whatsoever the artist's method, or howsoever difficult the problem may be of accomplishment, there can be no question about the necessity of a colored object showing light-and-shade the same as one devoid of color, and that, too, without wrecking local character or hue. To be sure there have been some remarkable exceptions to such a rule. The painter's law of preserving color-quality in light and in shadow has been broken again and again by geniuses who have made laws unto themselves, but in our count we cannot reckon with such cases. Rembrandt is an excellent example of the law-breaker. While painting perhaps the most penetrating lights and the most luminous shadows ever placed upon canvas, he nevertheless distorted them both for purposes of effect by sacrificing color in the most merciless manner. He did this continually, kneading colors under shadow into grays and browns, and under light pitching them in abnormally high keys. The effect was powerful, if "forced," and, of course, permissible in the hands of genius.

The Florentines and the Romans worked in a similar though less violent manner. Thus you will frequently see in the pictures of Raphael, Giulio Romano, and the Bolognese painters that a red or a blue robe in full light, where stretched across the arm or the leg, will be bleached or faded out nearly to a white; while in shadow, as where it falls in folds, the same robe will be pitched down many degrees until it is nearly black, and *of an entirely different quality.* Whatever their object in doing this (it was probably to gain relief) it did not proceed from ignorance, for they did not always do it. Nevertheless it was a falsification of nature and destructive of luminosity in shadow, of quality, of local color. The pictures of the Venetians, Titian and Paolo Veronese, where not only the shadows are warm and deep, but the colors under them are given their proper qualities, show much truer and better work.

This secondary meaning of light-tone will be understood better perhaps if we again call up to mind the landscape with the white house, only changing the color of the house from white to red. If it be still half in shadow and half in light, it must be apparent that there will be two very different intensities of red, but only one quality of it. In other words, it would be a peculiar kind of red, no matter whether in shadow or out of it; and to paint

it with the two intensities and only one quality, showing it a matter of varying illumination and not difference in hue, would be realizing tone in this last meaning of the word. Furthermore, for the light-tone of the whole picture this shadowed red should be exactly related to all the other shadowed colors of the scene and to the highest color, precisely as the house when white was related in its shade to all the other shades in the scene and to the highest light.

Finally, then, and by way of recapitulation, the English view of tone concerns itself, first, with the effect of light on lights and darks and their relations, and secondly, with the effect of light on colors and their relations. The American view concerns itself with the prevailing quantity of hue or tint which may, and often does, arise from effects of light-distribution. For the French view, which considers tone as the *enveloppe*, it is so close of kin to what I shall speak of under aërial perspective and values, that for the present it may be passed by.*

The making of color-tone a picture motive is of modern origin. For though some of the pictures of

* None of these meanings of tone is exclusively confined to the country indicated. The assignment is perhaps generally true, but is serviceable only as emphasizing the different meanings of tone. Many painters in America have the French idea of tone, and some in France entertain the English idea, and some in England the French idea.

the ancients are not without good light-tone effects, yet that color-tone was especially sought for by them, or that much importance was attached to it, may well be doubted. Formerly the painter was scheduled in his profession as either a draughtsman or a colorist; now he may be a texture-painter, a chiaroscurist, a luminarist, a tonalist, or what he pleases. For art like the other professions has, in the present century, been split up into many sections, and the place of the painter strong in all departments is being occupied by the specialist skilful in one thing alone. There is no reason why color-tone should not be chosen as a painter's motive, for it is a charming, if not a startling, quality of art. It pleases by a subdued, yet pervading beauty, as does the blue of a clear sky, the sea-green of the ocean, the sound of an Æolian harp, or the stir of the night-winds through the trees. It neither violently vibrates nor wearies the nerves of the eye, but is restful, good to live with, cheering at times, and soothing always. Its accompanying features in painting, such as atmosphere, soft broken light, and values, are, moreover, unfailing excellences of art, full of subtile problems of technic and delicate gradations of color which continually unfold new pleasures to us the more we study them. True enough it is not fitted by its nature to present us with those ideas of a literary or an historical kind

which some people seem to think the chief aim of art. But then, perhaps, it would be as well for us if we should know less about the triumphs of Scipio dead and gone, and more about the triumphs of nature as she passes before us day after day, robed in such garments as never monarch wore, and accompanied by such a procession of changing beauties as never conqueror knew.

. . . . . .

Light-and-Shade.—Night and day, light and dark, sun and shade are opposing forces. Antithetical, they counteract and restrain each other; complementary, they emphasize and relieve each other. Each shade is a light to a darker shade; each light is a shade to a higher light. A gray is a light to a brown; an orange is a shadow to a yellow. Each acts as a foil for the other, and by the continual play of change and interchange are we enabled to distinguish in space the things of the visible world about us. Without shade all things would be flat and formless; a cock of hay would be no thicker than a knife-blade, a forest would be merely a thin silhouette against the sky. Without light not only the problem of painting, but the problem of life itself would be a great deal more perplexing than we at present find it.

Light-and-shade, or, as it is sometimes called, chiaroscuro, is in painting a means whereby objects

are cast in relief upon flat surface and made to assume the appearance of reality. It is, of course, of great importance, and one can hardly imagine how painting could exist without it except as decoration, or in those crude forms which mark the picture-writings of the barbarous tribes and the early civilizations. The Egyptian and the Assyrian wall-paintings, and many of the mediæval paintings of Italy are quite devoid of it, and in them we recognize its necessity by its absence. For though modern painting is not an imitation of nature, yet it is a representation of it seen from an individual point of view; and no individual has ever been able to see nature in any form except by the means of light-and-shade. The smallest objects about us possess it, a grain of sand as well as a mountain, a match or a pencil as well as a forest of hemlocks. It needs no argument to prove this. An object, no matter what, receiving light upon one side of it rejects, absorbs, or obstructs the light, and thus produces shadow on its opposite side. An eclipse of the sun, and the earth in its changes from day to night are simply large illustrations of the truth.

But while light-and-shade enters into the relations of everything in the visible world its presence in small quantities is little noted by us, perhaps for the very reason that it is so common. A tree is simply green to us, and stands against its back-

ground somewhat like a palm-leaf fan against a wall; we do not always notice the yellow-greens, the emerald-greens, and the dark-greens, scattered through it, that give it diversity, depth, roundness, volume. A human face is known to us by its features or lines; we seldom see its lights and shades —the high lights on the nose, cheek, chin, and forehead; the deep shadows under the nose, under the chin, and around the sides of the throat. A water-bottle never strikes us as being in anyway marked by light-and-shade, yet there is always a line of white light running up and down or across it, according to the direction from which the light comes. If this water-bottle were of iridescent glass we should notice the line of light instantly because it would be colored, just as we should notice the changing hues of an opal upon our hand; but these objects in reality possess no more light-and-shade than an ordinary glass or an ivory button. The light is simply more apparent because it is colored; it is not more real.

Every visible tangible thing has its relief by contrasts of light with shade, and if, as I have intimated, we do not always see them, it is because we are not shrewd observers of the phenomenon of light, common though it be. A few days ago I was trying to point out to a school-boy the lights and shades on a polished copper tankard which he was endeavoring

to draw on a sheet of paper. He protested that he could not see them. The prevailing copper color of the tankard had blinded him to the shadow gradations. We are all more or less like him in short-sightedness. Our observation is not keen enough to note the delicate transitions that nature makes. And so we draw upon all the resources of the earth to provide ourselves with great artificial eyes wherewith to see the light of some distant world, and yet we cannot see the light on the petal of a buttercup growing beneath our window. It is well that the artist lives to point out to us these minor beauties that exist in the world about us.

The necessities of good art require that every object which is of sufficient importance to have light must also be accounted of sufficient importance to have its proper amount of shade. I say "proper amount" because there is no rule elastic enough to cover all objects in nature and state what that amount should be. An apple needs more shade than a book, a book more than a flat sheet of paper, and so on through a thousand variations in the relative quantities of light and of shade dependent upon the objects reflecting them. The eye alone can say what is an adequate or proper balance.

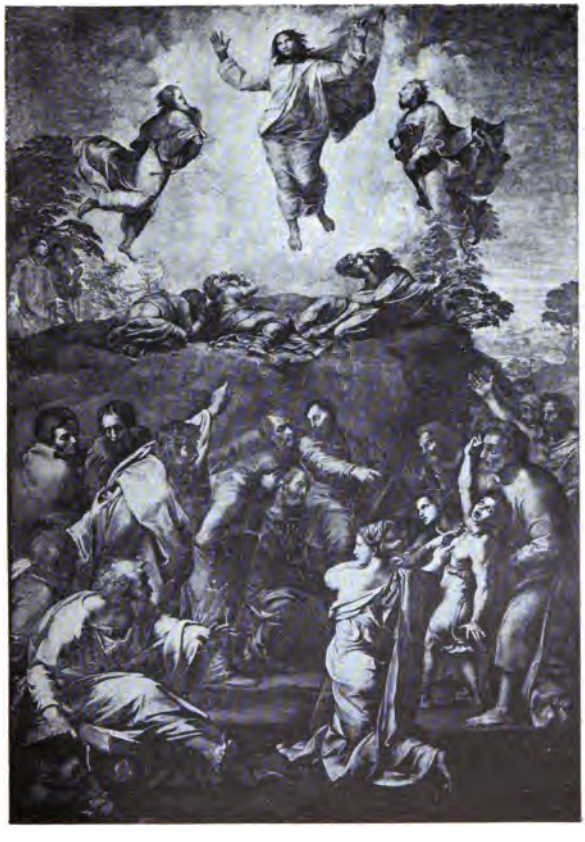
As for the transition from the highest light to the deepest dark, it should usually be made by delicate gradations. "As smoke loses itself in the air, so

are your lights and shadows to pass from one to the other without any apparent separation," says Leonardo, and his "sfumato" is the pictorial illustration of his teaching (Fig. 4). The violent change will not do as a rule, for nature is not violent, except occasionally and in small masses at that. A rift of sunlight sometimes falls through a chink of a wall and makes a thread of silver in a dungeon's gloom, and often the shadow of a hollow rock, the sunlight on a window-pane, make sharp contrasts of light with shade; but the sharpness is specially not generally true of nature. To be sure the very subtile transition which Leonardo recommends, occasionally results in wooliness of textures; but, on the other hand, the sharp contrast which some of the painters use to-day more often results in hardness of line and absence of atmosphere. There is a middle ground upon which good art may stand, and if there be any leaning to the one side or the other it should be in favor of delicate gradation. The violent may prove strong in the hands of genius, but in the hands of the ordinary painter it shows only a pretentious weakness.

The *pitch* of light may be regarded as not of vital importance provided it be balanced with a proportionate pitch of shadow. It is not nature's heights or depths that the painter may reproduce, but only her proportions. No pigment, however brilliant,

could possibly reach the brightness of sunlight, nor was there ever a night scene painted that closely approached the depth of the night shadows; but the proportioning of the lights to the shadows will give us the effect, if not the extent, of either scene. When a singer cannot reach certain notes in the musical scale he adjusts the difficulty by transposing the scale yet retaining the relationship. The painter produces the effect of great brightness or darkness in a similar manner.

Proportion and gradation, then, form the great law of light-and-shade to which a picture must pay deference not only in its individual objects but as a whole. For when light-and-shade is considered as it affects the whole picture, it becomes not less like chiaroscuro but more like composition. That is to say, its arrangement rules the composition of the picture to a certain extent. Thus in a landscape the relief of each object by its light and its shade may not be sufficient in itself to render the picture attractive and pleasing, though it may be absolutely true to nature and realistic enough for an exclamation point. A stretch of desert in sunlight, with never a tree nor mound nor building to cast a shadow, may be nature itself; but if we should look upon either the original, or its counterfeit presentment on canvas, we should be dazzled, and perhaps annoyed, by its garishness, its bewildering light, its



IX.—RAPHAEL, Transfiguration.

monotony. The eye could find no relief in such a scene, and necessarily it would not be attractive. So again, if a green landscape under sunlight contained no large shadow-masses to balance the large masses of light and give relief to the eye, we might find the same objection. The shadows may be intermixed or in masses, as the painter wills, each object may have its light and cast its shadow and thus make up the proportions of light to dark, or great belts of light and shade may be thrown along the landscape by partly obscuring the sun with clouds; but however it is done it seems necessary to good art that the aggregate of shade should be sufficient to relieve the mass of lights and dispel garishness.

The exact proportion of the light to the dark is something that no one can stereotype in rule. Some artists talk of one-sixth deep shadow, two-sixths light, and the balance a large middle tint, or they may give formulas of a similar nature corresponding to their experience; but we would better not rely upon any say-so whatever, other than what we can extract from the sensitiveness of the eye. Dannat's fine picture in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, of four people singing in a Spanish cabaret, appears to be more than half made up of shadow, but the shadows are rightly proportioned to the lights, at least there is no feeling of blackness about them. The light coming through

a break in the lattice is not large in volume, but it is sufficient, and as a whole the picture gives us a sensation of pleasure. If, however, in the same museum, we move along some steps until, on the same wall, we come before Meissonier's celebrated Napoleonic picture of "Friedland, 1807," we shall experience a sudden and a disagreeable change. The first picture is as restful and refreshing to the eyes as a deep wood-interior in August; the second picture has a glare and a flare about it, a heated blistering light that irritates like a southern sea at noonday. Swords and helmets gleam; uniforms, men's faces, horses' coats, look white or brick red; the sky and distance are full of light; but there is not a tree nor shrub nor hill nor house to cast a shadow in which the eye could find a momentary relief from the glare. The shadows of individual objects are true enough; the sword-blade, the check-rein, the horse and rider throw their shadows, but the aggregate of them all is not sufficient to balance the power of the lights. That which the picture needs is relieving masses of shadow, which the eye now seeks for in vain. In its present state it appears to have about ninety per cent. of light and ten per cent. of shadow; and, as a result, the spectator feels the need of cobalt-blue glasses in looking at it for any considerable length of time.

The reverse of surplus light is, of course, surplus

shadow. We often hear painters speak of pictures as "too black," which may mean that the whole pitch of light is too low, or that the shades alone are too dark. The works of Jacopo Bassano of the Venetian school, in their present condition, are good instances of extreme shadow-depths; though it is right to say that they have partly become so by time, and were not originally painted as they now appear. Some of Munkacsy's pictures painted with bitumen are open to the same criticism of blackness, and Goya's works are not always free from it, however powerful they may be in other respects. Courbet, too, has at times given exaggerated strength to his shadows, and at other times he has pitched pictures so low in key as to make one think that when he painted them the sun had become black as sackcloth of hair after the manner told in the Apocalypse. To be sure this blackness is not characteristic of all the works of either Goya or Courbet, and I have only spoken of their exceptional pictures in this respect. Perhaps better instances could be found in the works of painters like Caravaggio, Ribera, and Ribot. My use of the words "black" and "blackness," you will understand as being comparative only. Black is not a shadow but a total absence of light. Shadows, in the majority of pictures, are colors of some sort, having a certain amount of warmth and luminosity to them. Black

is opaque and cold, and if you care to see how different it is from a shadow, examine the black cloth or velvets painted by Velasquez or Goya, and compare them with the shadows in the same pictures.

Gradation of light or color from a fixed centre is perhaps a matter of composition again, but it may not inappropriately come in here, since the light-and-shade problem, with which it deals, is now before us. In the first place, the light which illumines any sort of a pictorial composition is usually brought from one point of the heavens and made to prevail from that point throughout the entire piece. Lights from different quarters are likely to be conflicting, and oftentimes confusing, rendering a task already hard enough to execute doubly difficult. But the difficulty of technical problems is an attraction to some artists, so that while the great number of pictures of the past and of the present may be found to have light from but one direction, you will find other pictures where the lights are doubled and sometimes tripled. Thus you will see among landscapes many early moonrise pictures in which the twilight and the moonlight struggle for the mastery; you will see pictures of interiors in which the light comes from opposing windows; and you will sometimes see lamplight conflicting with daylight. These pictures, while revealing cleverness in the handling

of the different illuminations, can hardly be set down as any great improvement on the handling of one light, which, as I have said, we shall find in the majority of paintings.

In the second place, the light falling from whatever point of the compass the painter chooses, is usually concentrated upon some one object or space in the picture, and forms a well-defined point of high light or high color, which is in effect the same thing. I do not mean that the light is necessarily centralized on the canvas. It may be placed high or low, to the right or to the left, but wherever placed it forms a luminous spot from which gradation to opposite points of shadow or deep color begins. This centring of light seems at first like a studio trick, but nature herself is guilty of it. We see it continually in the world about us as we see it in the works of those painters who have produced likenesses of that world. Pieter de Hooghe's concentration of light at the end of a Dutch passage-way, as in his Louvre picture; anyone of the young-woman-with-a-candle pictures by the little Dutchmen, in which the lights increase toward the candle, and the shadows increase toward the extremities of the room; almost any of the Oriental court pictures by Decamps with sunlight centred on a wall or door, are as illustrative of nature as of the technical principle we are considering. "Forced" they may be in a way, and yet

permissible, because focusing the eye on the most important part of the picture.

When Rembrandt, the great master of light concentration, painted a portrait, the centre of light was the nose, cheeks, and chin; the forehead was a trifle lower in tone, or deepened by the shadow of a hat, as in the Marquand portrait, now in the Metropolitan Museum; the sides of the cheeks were correspondingly lowered; the throat and neck were very deep flesh notes; the dress was usually dark, or, if in light color, it was so saturated at times with shadow as to lose much of its coloring principle; the hands often came out in flesh notes under shadow; the linen, if in light, was almost pure white, if under shadow subdued; and the background was an indefinable depth of gray, green, or gold-brown. This manner of treatment characterized all his work. In the Louvre two small pictures by him of philosophers or alchemists, or some such persons, sitting at a window whence floods a yellow light through a dingy room, are excellent examples of concentration, and you may see other examples of the same thing in his landscapes (Fig. 5). Correggio composed a picture in circles with the light in the centre, as Couture has well described in speaking of the "Antiope" in the Louvre. The "Night," at Dresden (Fig. 6), and the "St. Jerome," at Parma, show the same practice. The example of Correggio was extensively

followed by his successors, especially the Caracci, at Bologna. There is in the Sage Library, at New Brunswick, a picture of "The Trinity," by Annibale Caracci, which well exemplifies light concentration. The Father is seated upon clouds, surrounded by angels, his head radiant with shafts of light. Above him hovers the dove, the symbol of the Holy Ghost, and kneeling before him the Madonna offers the Child in arms. Around all these brightly illuminated figures, as a foil to the light, are spread the deep browns and greens of foliage. The object of the picture seems to have been less the majestic conception of the Trinity than the tunnelling of darkness and the wedging of light toward a centre.

But such illustrations as these, you will understand, point to the extreme use of the principle and were chosen because they would thus better exemplify the meaning of light concentration. In modern pictures, or among the majority of pictures of any age, you will not find the practice so positive or so violent. Indeed in some pictures you may not readily recognize a centre of light at all, for to-day diffused light is as often used as direct light, and where Claude and Turner put the setting sun across the sea on the horizon, and made a path of golden sunlight along the waves flanked by Corinthian palaces to conduct us to it, there are dozens of other painters, like Daubigny and Cazin, who hang the

heavens with an almost unbroken veil, along the thin parts of which we may discern the struggling of a light, seen as through a mist of early morning. Still the general principle of light concentration is correct enough, however the practice may vary, and almost every artist, consciously or unconsciously, regards it to some extent in his composition. None of the best works of Corot, the first great luminarist of modern times, is without it. The high light in his sky was always painted in first, and from that he graded down to the foreground shadows by the most delicate and truthful transitions imaginable. Millet has almost always followed the same principle, though with not so much emphasis as Corot. The "Sower," the "Angelus," or any one of his pictures of workers in the fields at twilight, where the light comes from the western horizon and falls away into the darks of the middle distance and foreground, will serve for example. The modern schools, of which Millet is no less a type because conspicuous, are filled with painters whose works exemplify centred light. This is true not of landscapes alone, but of figure compositions, marines, and *genre* paintings. Examine a still life by Bonvin or Vollon; a group of figures by Israels, Menzel, or Bonnat; an interior by Sargent, or a portrait by Carolus Duran, and anyone of them will point to the principle.

I know some of the young men rather sneer at

concentration as savoring of conventional picture-making, but the practice because it is old is not therefore utterly false and worthless. There is an iconoclastic spirit rampant to-day, which seeks to destroy everything in method that is not distinctly novel and therefore modern; but painting, though it be an art, and not a science, has, nevertheless, some well-founded principles that do not wholly pass away with the incoming of each new school. Gradation and concentration are among these principles, and while young painters may talk largely of taking "Nature as she is," they should not forget that in doing so it is their duty to reproduce her upon canvas as forcibly (approximately) as they found her. Do this with nature's forces they cannot, and therefore they must resort to the forces of art which may best substitute those of nature. These, as the examples of past art show us, in regard to light-and-shade, are concentration and gradation. They are the best means known to art whereby a strength of light may be builded up and sustained. Each light or dark supports a brother of the series converging toward a centre, as the blocks of stone sustaining the pyramid taper to an apex of a single block. Light gathers power from being upheld by increasing darks, just as the force that lies in the thin end of the wedge comes from the sustaining bulk behind it. In the construction

of the drama this wedging process is well known under the name of "dramatic force," and is put to continuous use. The whole play is merely a series of concentrations in what are called climaxes. The interest deepens from scene to act; each scene supports an act, each act its successor, until the grand climax ends the piece. It is the pyramid over again, the most powerful building principle in the whole architecture of the arts. Light concentration in painting, equally with dramatic force in the drama, requires the sacrifice of the accessories to the principals, the exaltation of some by the humiliation of others, the centring of power upon a given point of light, supported on the sides by the reserves of shadow. There are pictures, and good ones too, where doubtless this principle was never thought of; but it is not extravagant to say that probably two-thirds of all the pictures of modern times will exemplify it in a more or less positive manner.

It is useless to deny, however, that the violent concentration of light, such as we see in Rembrandt or Decamps, and even the moderate concentration of a Millet or a Breton, is fast becoming a practice of the past. It is fading away in favor of "Nature as she is," with diffused light, high light, and very luminous shadows. That movement in art which passes under the misleading name of Impressionism has established new views and new methods of

handling lights and shadows. True enough its exponents, men like Claude Monet and Renoir, are just now painting snatches and sketches of nature rather than pictures; they are cutting off a piece of what is before them rather than composing; but even so they have proved that a picture may exist and be a picture without the wedging and centring of light, and without the opposition of strong lights to darks. In fact the impressionists, or, as the late ones should be called, the luminarists, may be credited with a new and important technical discovery, one that is destined in all probability to influence the entire future of art. When painting came out of the Middle Ages the technic of art had to be learned over again. Attention was first directed to form; that mastered, light-and-shade was developed; finally, at Venice, color. But the development of light-and-shade under Leonardo, Correggio, Rembrandt, never was quite complete. It was true enough in the relations perhaps, but too low in the pitch. The luminarists have raised the pitch, but in doing so they have sacrificed the relations somewhat. That is to say, nature travels the whole scale, her highest light going to 100, her deepest black to zero. Art with its pigments cannot possibly register over, say, 50 points. Nature's intensities either in black or white can only be approximated, and the painter usually represents them with, say, 30 points.

If Rembrandt's scale ran from 20 to 50, Monet's scale would run from about 40 to 60, the one representing the old-time studio light, the other representing open-air sunlight. But Monet's gamut or range is not so extensive as Rembrandt's. It is more limited (by luminarist practice) in depth of shadow, and not proportionably extended in height of light. The absolute appearance of shadows has been given by showing them as very luminous color-masses; but the absolute appearance of pure sunlight has not been given (though often suggested) because of the limits of pigment. As a result there is a garishness in the pictures of the luminarists, produced by the sacrifice of scale, by the sacrifice of depth of register to height of register, by the loss of the lower notes.

But it is not alone with the raising of the general pitch of light that the luminarists must be credited. Besides increasing the intensity of light to some extent they have sought out its proper diffusion, play, and color-effect on objects. And this, too, not in sunlight alone but in all sorts of light. Béraud with his gaslight, Besnard with his starlight, Cazin with his broken light, and Monet with his sunlight, are all luminarists seeking by various methods to reproduce light effects. Yet sunlight in open-air painting is perhaps the chief feature of the modern movement. And here in this open-air study

some curious phenomena are disclosed to us. For instance, the luminarists tell us that the effect of sunlight upon objects and colors is to render them transitory and uncertain. Under high light line is dissipated, objects in the background appear to project themselves into the foreground and disturb perspective, the surfaces of objects, instead of standing out in modelled relief, are flattened into mere relative tones or patches of color, and color itself is sometimes changed in local hue, is shattered or bleached.

Besides this they have laid hold of some scientific facts which they have utilized. For instance, they know that a beam of pure white light passing through a prism decomposes into the colors of the spectrum. Hence the conclusion that light is color in a subtile translucent form. The air on a bright day is consequently filled with it, and wherever light is and air is there must color be also, tinging everything it touches, making some objects blue, other objects violet, and others again purple or yellow. To get light in the picture then, they use color freely and in variety, putting it on sometimes in small broken points that attempt the subtility of nature herself, and leaving to the eye at a certain distance the task of reuniting these colors into what should seem to us the original beam of pure white light. Again, they tell us that instead of darkening with

sunlight shadows really lighten, and this is true enough, though the sharp contrast with the bright light makes them appear darker at first; that they are not only a phase of light but a colored phase of it. Hence the purples and violets of their reflections and the absence of those dark notes which we have always looked upon as shadows caused by the partial destruction of light.

The influence of this movement has already gone far, and will undoubtedly go farther, though its exponents have not yet produced many masterpieces. The free use of high colors to obtain the desired effect of light does not always please the color sense, nor does it always give the appearance of light. The absence of decisive quality and body in the shadows gives an unreal, evanescent appearance to objects at times; the dissipation of line produces flabbiness in the figure; and the disturbance of the perspective planes often confuses the whole picture. There is an extravagance of statement just now even with the leaders—that same extravagance which always attends every initial movement. In addition, there are many individuals with neither clever heads nor clever hands who are at present sailing under the union-jack of Impressionism or Luminism and bringing contempt upon their betters by their erratic performances. But we should not forthwith condemn the whole school on these accounts. Nor

should we now, nor at any time, condemn any school or body of artists because they do not see as we see. If all mankind saw alike what use would there be for the painter! It is just his business to see and tell us what we do not see; and if his vision is startling to us at first, the cause of it may be our own uneducated eyes and not the painter's falsity of view. At any rate there is enough talent in the so-called impressionistic brotherhood, and enough novelty in their view of nature, to entitle them to respectful consideration, and if out of it does not arise a new and strong school of landscape, then some people must be credited with an error in judgment.

LECTURE IV.

LINEAR AND AËRIAL PERSPECTIVE

THE word perspective is familiar to us all. With its meaning we have had more or less experience which may, or may not, be cause for congratulation upon our arrival at a subject concerning which we have some knowledge. The subject is certainly not new. Anaxagoras and Democritus wrote geometrical treatises upon it centuries ago, and many not unworthy successors have done so since their time. But with the geometrical side of perspective I do not purpose to deal, for the reason that in actual painting it has not been usually considered by the painters of the past, and among those of the present it is not even generally understood. Those of you who may care to follow up the study of this geometrical side would better read Mr. Ruskin's treatise on the subject. What I may have to say about the subject to-day will be almost entirely from the artist's point of view.

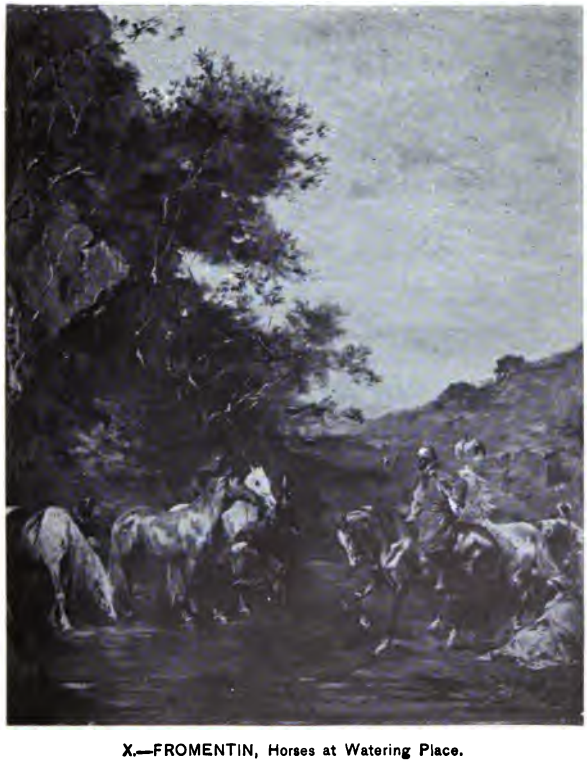
Perspective is, perhaps, not so much an end of painting in itself as it is a means of obtaining cer-

tain effects. As a means it is its object to show upon flat surface the dimensions and intensities of objects at varying distances by just gradations of form, contour, color, and light. There are two kinds of perspective at least, and I am not sure but that there should be three classes of it, described respectively by the adjectives linear, aërial, and chromatic. But for our purposes the second adjective is expansive enough to include the third and render the latter unnecessary.

The proper use in painting of *linear* perspective produces a lessening in the size of objects by recession, and an apparent convergence of lines toward a given focus, called technically "the point of sight." It gives us upon a small scale the representation of an effect continually seen in nature. A glance down a long street reveals this effect to us every day of our lives. The rows of trees and the buildings, as the eye follows the top line of them, appear to run down from the upper sky to the rim of the horizon or the point of sight. The bed of the street, the curb-stones, the sidewalks appear to run up from our feet to this same point of sight. Again, it will be noticed that the walls of the buildings and the sides of the trees appear not only to run *down*, but to run *in*, until, if the street be very long, the rows of buildings, trees, curb-stones, and sidewalks come to meet in the distance—the lines of convergence

appearing to run from every direction toward a horizon centre. Again, these lines of convergence compress and contract all the objects as they recede from us, and allow them to expand as they approach us. We often see this illustrated at the railway station when looking up or down the tracks for a belated train. As the train approaches the station we see the locomotive grow larger and larger; as the train moves away the rear car becomes smaller and smaller.

The principle by following which this effect is produced in art is not difficult of comprehension. Imagine the sun upon the horizon line shooting out shafts of light from it in all directions, the distance between the shafts widening of course with the radiation; place a *fac-simile* of this sun—the point of sight—in the centre of a picture-frame so that the top, bottom, and sides of the frame shall cut off the ends of the flying shafts, and we shall then have a skeleton of perspective. In the street scene, of which I spoke a moment ago, if the sun were placed at the end of the street the lines of the curbstones and sidewalks would follow certain of these flying shafts of light directly toward the centre; the lines of the tops of the houses, the trees, and the telegraph-poles would follow other shafts higher up, and, were the picture specially composed as a perspective effect, the breaks in the clouds would be



X.—FROMENTIN, Horses at Watering Place.

arranged in their lines to conduct upon the upper shafts of light directly to the centre again. Upon whatever line or shaft the eye might fall it would inevitably be led to the point of sight, or, as we have supposed, the sun itself.

To be sure such bits of nature as the railway and the street scene do not arise continually as exemplars of nature's perspective principles, but there is, nevertheless, a law of diminution and convergence underlying every scene, whether it be a positive example or not. We hardly need to be told that there is no such thing in reality as two parallel lines running together, but to our eyes they *appear* to run together. Perspective is in itself one proof in many that painting represents not reality, as our "realists" would have it, but only the *appearance* of reality. It is merely a semblance of things resulting from the eye's inability to grasp distant objects as they actually exist. The compensation, however, for the inability of the eye to see things in the distance in their real relations is, that by seeing them in perspective we gain a breadth and depth of view not otherwise obtainable. We are enabled to see not one object alone but many objects, all held together by a common bond of unity. This is true of the perspective in a painting. For the eye could not grasp, in either depth or breadth, the whole of the scene upon canvas were it not that by the lines or

shafts of light, of which I have spoken, the vision is conducted down a converging path toward the point of sight, which is usually the point of interest as well. One object of linear perspective in painting, then, aside from its giving the appearance of distance, is to obtain unity—to enable us to grasp the whole scene at a glance—and without it a picture would be disjointed, and comprehensible only by examining one part of it at a time as we do the passing scenes of a panorama. This unity by perspective may be seen well exemplified if standing in a room we look out through a pane of glass, imagining the window-sash a picture-frame. Miles in depth and miles in width appear within the square of a few feet; and if we imagine further that the landscape is painted *on* the glass instead of seen *through* it, we shall have the correct perspective of a picture.

This you will understand is the *general principle* of perspective that I am trying to explain, and the illustrations given show linear perspective in its simplest form only (Fig. 7). It has its many complexities, involving problems which are scarcely worth our time puzzling over; but I think it necessary to say they exist, that you may not think every picture which lacks a diamond-point composition, converging lines of trees, buildings, or telegraph-poles, and a sun, or at least a tunnel of concentrated light pre-

cisely in the middle of it, is therefore bad or lacking in perspective. The point of sight, or the place where the sight should be drawn, is a matter of choice with the painter. It is generally near the centre of the piece, as in Leonardo's "Last Supper," for instance; but there is no particular reason that it should be so. The painter, like the photographer, may focus his picture where he pleases; but, also like the photographer, whatever point he focuses becomes a centre of interest from which the shafts or lines radiate. Some of the Dutchmen, like Van Goyen, Cuyp, and Van de Velde, were very fond of placing the point of interest off at the extreme side, and leading up to it by long rows of buildings, the descending masts of ships, or the retiring ranks of trees or hills. But the goal of interest in any one of their pictures is generally well defined and easy to discover, no mattter where placed, because of the convergence of line and light toward that spot. The fly's parlor of a spider's web is not always placed in the centre of a given space, nor in the centre of the web, but our eye naturally seeks it because all the lines of the web upon which the spider travels lead directly to it.

The point of sight may be shifted right or left provided we shift our station-point to correspond; and there is no reason why it should not be raised up by a high horizon line, as the needs of the fore-

ground and middle distance may require (Fig. 8), or, on the other hand, placed low down, as the needs of the upper sky may require, the visual ray which comes to the eye being raised or lowered again to correspond. There is nothing very arbitrary about perspective except the point of sight, which should be the loadstone of the picture to attract the eye of the spectator. As I have observed, in speaking of light-gradation, this point of sight will not always be so apparent as in a Claude or Turner sunset, and in many pictures you will have some difficulty in finding it at all; but if the perspective be good the lines, whether apparent or not, will converge, and the eye will be led to some one point in the picture —the point of interest, the point of sight, and generally the point of light. Two notable instances of the violation of this rule are Raphael's "Transfiguration" (Fig. 9), and the large "Marriage in Cana," by Paolo Veronese, in each of which there are two points of sight, two horizon lines, and two base lines. But this, instead of being a virtue of the pictures is perhaps a fault, because of the confusion brought about by conflicting points of interest. In the presence of such a dual composition the eye is embarrassed by riches, and like the historic donkey of Buridan, it starves between two measures of oats.

The effect of linear perspective upon objects is that as they recede from us they appear to decrease in

size in a geometrical ratio. To explain this, let us change the flaming sun, which I have been using for illustration, into so commonplace a thing as a bicycle wheel, and we shall have quite as good a perspective skeleton upon which to construct a picture. Let the hub be the point of sight; let a line drawn directly across the middle, just below the hub, be the horizon; let the lower spokes be the middle distance and foreground; the lower rim the bottom of the frame or the station-point where the spectator stands; the upper spokes the sky; the upper rim the zenith, or the top of the frame; and the side spokes and rims the wings of the picture and the sides of the frame. Now, if we suppose in the right-hand corner foreground some palaces in a row, as in Turner's Carthage pictures, or Claude's "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba," the first one of which just fits in between two spokes of the wheel at their widest end, and that the row recedes in the distance, perfect linear perspective would require that the height of the palaces decrease in proportion to the narrowing of the converging lines or spokes. On the canvas the buildings might appear two feet in height in the foreground, one foot in the middle distance, and farther back only half a foot; for, as the lines or spokes narrow, the objects shrink correspondingly, not only in height but in width, until at last lost in distance or centred in the hub.

Of course the buildings would not be the only objects so affected. The clouds in the upper zenith would also be caught, and compressed as it were, between the spokes of the upper half, and receding down toward the hub would decrease in all their dimensions. The objects on the ground or on the water, whether bushes, trees, men, animals, boats, or ships, would undergo a similar process of size-degradation. The natural result of such a proportionate contraction of objects would be that only the larger objects would hold out in the distance, and that the smaller ones would be completely absorbed or blotted away. The grass, the small bushes, the stones, the human beings would vanish long before the trees, the ships, and the palaces; and, as Leonardo has wisely remarked, by the very abandonment of the small things and the recognition of the large bodies only, would the distance be increased and the illusion of perspective made more complete.

It may be well to bear in mind, however, that in practice few painters ever cover their canvases with lines like the spokes of a bicycle wheel; or, as I have said, know, or care to know, anything about the geometrical side of perspective. If the painter's perspective be true, it may be planned and scaled by lines, but he does not consider the geometrical theory of form-shrinkage to gain the practical truth of perspective. He simply draws nature as he sees

it, trying as far as possible to get rid of the abstract literal knowledge which he possesses about objects, and striving to record only the impression received by his eyes. This is not an easy thing to do, for the memory of objects is continually influencing the eye. A man a mile away from us has as many lines and shades about him as at any other distance, but we do not see them. He counts to our eyes as nothing but a spot of color on the landscape, though we may think he possesses more distinctness. When he steps up into the middle distance he becomes more like a man, though he is still only a horse-post-looking affair with a hat at the top. When he comes into the foreground, however, not only the lines of the body but those of the face and its features, the hands, the clothing, all come out distinctly. The relative height or breadth of the man at the varying distances, instead of being geometrically ascertained by a skeleton of converging lines, is caught in a very primitive manner by holding out the handle of a paint-brush at arm's-length, getting the man in a line of sight, shutting one eye, and indicating the height or breadth in inches by a thumb-mark on the brush handle. And for practical purposes, perhaps, this is as good a way as any. It is not quite accurate, but accuracy is the bane of the fine arts, for no other reason than because it is accuracy. Preciseness and primness, exactness and

conventionality are synonyms in the art vocabulary, and any one of them is likely to make a painting mechanical, impersonal, and unsympathetic.

At the present time, so far as my observation goes, linear perspective on the grand scale is not so much sought after as it was in the early part of this century. That is to say, the Claude-Poussin-Turner ten-mile stretches of landscape, with streams and groves and background mountains have disappeared in favor of the meadow strip, a marsh land in fog, a side-hill, or a bit of wood interior. The modern painters who are, above all, the great landscapists, seem to think that these long distances, with mountain-peaks and rolling clouds, involve too much form at the expense of the painter's feeling and sentiment. I cannot give the exact why of this, but I offer you as a suggestion that modern painting would appear to be nearer of kin to music than to sculpture or architecture, and is continually striving to blend form with sympathetic execution, and thus make one harmonious whole which shall emphasize neither nature nor man, yet embody both. Where form is so predominant as in mountain pieces, the state of feeling or emotion in the man and the execution, are overbalanced and comparatively lost. This, I take it, may partly account for the fact that no painting of the Alps, nor of the Rocky Mountains, nor of deep valleys or gorges,

has ever been considered satisfactory art. It may also suggest the reason why the landscape painter of modern times, as Corot, chooses the low-lying scene with few trees or hills; as Troyon or Daubigny the marsh, the meadow, or the sedgy river; as Diaz or Rousseau the quiet wood-interior; leaving the frowning precipice, the lurid sky, the blue valley far beyond, to those who have neither power of sentiment nor skill of execution, and must attract by the proportions of their canvas or their subject. The recent use to which atmosphere and its effects have been put has also been the cause to some extent of the abandonment of great distances in landscape, the air being used as a screen to shut out the background. Claude and Poussin did not perhaps value aërial perspective highly enough. They seemed to place their reliance more on the shrinkage of line than the fading of color. The moderns in some cases have gone a little to the other extreme, suffocating the landscape at times with something intended for air, but which looks like smoke, or fog, or a scumble of gray paint. In pictures other than landscapes or marines, the importance of linear perspective has not perceptibly diminished. It is quite as necessary to-day to give correctly the dimensions of a room, the top of a table, or the legs of a chair, as it used to be in classic times; and while linear perspective is not so

much relied upon for effect in certain pictures as it once was, yet its value is not to be lightly considered nor its beauty overlooked in any picture.

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Aërial Perspective.—The second part of this subject deals with aërial perspective, which may be considered in effect as the atmospheric dissipation and final obliteration of lines, colors, lights, and shades as the objects which show them recede in the distance. Heretofore we have been speaking of the diminution of form as the distance increases; but we have not taken into consideration the effect of the intervening atmosphere upon the lines, lights, and colors. If there were no air at all there might still be linear perspective, as we all have noticed in those huge airless landscapes which are sometimes hippodromed around the world for the admiration of the unthinking many; but in thoroughly good painting the air must be reckoned with, for it changes the appearance of objects quite as much as simple form-shrinkage.

Atmosphere must be looked upon as something in the nature of a mist, a haze, or a light smoke. The air about us is filled with countless particles of matter, which reflect, break, and transmit waves of light in such a way that when in quantity we see them as a blue or a gray haze. Hence the azure of the sky overhead and the blue-gray appearance

that hangs about the mountains, or in the far-away depths of their valleys. This haze, though too subtile of itself to be seen at, say one hundred yards, has a very decided effect upon objects at that distance which may be readily observed. This effect is, first, that while the objects recede in size they also begin to blur and waver in outline. An indistinctness gathers about them, similar, though not so strong, to the dimness which enshrouds objects at evening when the light begins to fade.

We have not an active appreciation of this because we lack the keen eyes of painters, and for the further reason that we have a mental knowledge of almost all the objects of nature which continually contradicts our visual knowledge. Thus we recognize at two hundred yards down the street a friend coming toward us; but how do we recognize him? Simply because he is a friend; because we mentally know, from having stood beside him many times, just how he looks in face and feature. We see him on the street; something in circumstance, dress, carriage, or height speaks who he is, and then our accommodating mind, knowing his features, tells our eyes just what those features are like, and we immediately fancy we see his brown eyes, his Greek nose, and his clean-cut chin. The mind may be right enough in its recollection, but the eyes have been deceived; for at that distance the human

face, especially under the shadow of a hat-brim, is little more than a blur of flesh color. The legs, arms, body, head, are seen, but the features of the face, sometimes the hands and feet are gone—blurred out—not by reduction in the size of those features, but by seeing them through a veil of atmosphere which dissipates and obscures their lines. The truth of this illustration I will ask you to test by trying to make out the features of a person *whom you have never seen before*, at the distance I have supposed. Under gaslight you require a glass to see features distinctly across an opera-house; you will need the same glass under sunlight to see the same features on the street at two hundred yards.

We may make a similar mistake in landscape. We go out into the meadow, and before our feet it is an easy matter to count the individual blades of grass as they grow; fifty yards away we know similar individual blades exist, and perhaps fancy we can see them; but do we? A hundred yards farther on is a tree in foliage; we know foliage is formed of separate leaves, and again we fancy we can see these leaves; but all that our eyes tell us is summed up in a round mass of green, broken by lights and shadows. Several hundred yards farther on are some sheep browsing in the grass. Try to see their ears; try to make out their legs; try to make out if they have heads. You cannot. The animals are

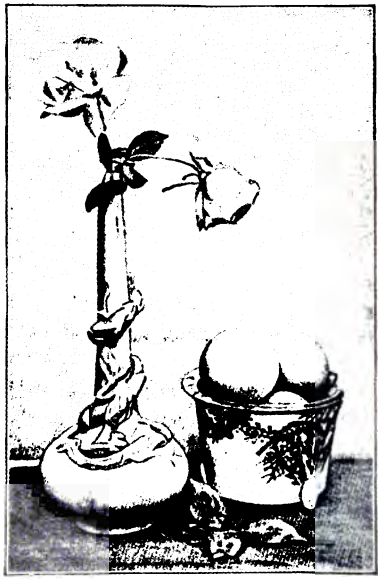
only oblong patches of dark or light color against the green background. Suppose the distance increased several hundred yards more till the sight strikes a belt of timber. It is composed of individual trees with broad trunks and many limbs; can you distinguish any one of them? Is there anything to the timber but a mass of green and purple foliage impenetrable to the eye? And so we may keep on increasing the distance until we come to the mountain, around the base of which, like a flat carpet, run forests of timber scarcely recognizable except by our mental knowledge that they are forests; and higher up come gray and bluish masses which we know to be huge forms of granite standing aloft like the castles of the Rhine; and still higher up in the slopes and gorges the blue air becomes so dense that the timber, the rocks, sometimes parts of the mountain itself, are lost to view.

Occasionally in looking at the mountain, when the weather is clear, you may observe what may seem at first blush a singular phenomenon. The trees at the base of it are very dull in color and vague in line, but at the top they appear to come out more distinctly. The top appears nearer to you than the bottom. This may be partly due to the fact that the timber grows thinner toward the summit, and is thus more distinct; but it is mainly due to the very thing I am trying to illustrate, namely,

the density of the air. The base of the mountain is seen through that mass of the thick air which always lies close to the ground; the top is partly seen through a higher and thinner atmosphere. It is the school-teaching of to-day that the seeing on the ocean of a vessel's masts and sails before seeing her hull is a proof of the roundness of the earth. The teaching is true enough, but in actual demonstration it may be questioned if the interposition of the dense atmosphere lying along the water has not quite as much to do with losing the ship's hull as the interposition of the earth's surface. The painting of distant ships in the marine pieces of Dupré, Boulard, and others, argue that way at the least, and in a matter of actual appearance a painter's eye is quite as reliable as a mathematician's figures.

Form, then, not only shrinks in size in proportion to the distance removed, but blurs and wavers and loses its outline in proportion to the density of the atmosphere through which it is seen. On a clear day, or in high altitudes, lines are quite distinct as are the stars on a cold winter night; in the haze of October, the mist of spring, the heat of summer, they dissipate more rapidly. In a fog, such as we often know along the Atlantic seaboard, a few yards are sometimes sufficient to lose the form of objects altogether, as you may have noticed in the case of coming and going ferryboats in New York

XI.—FALSE COLOR-VALUES.



XI.—TRUE COLOR-VALUES.

(From photographs taken on plates unstained and stained with cyanine. Background was light blue, table-cloth dark red, jar light mustard-yellow, roses pale pink, pot white with dark-blue design, holding oranges.)

harbor during foggy weather. And, by the way, I may call attention here to the fact that the tops of these ferryboats are almost always seen before the hulls or guards, a fact which may serve as further argument in the ship-at-sea question. Fog is only an extreme illustration of atmospheric density, the air being filled with atoms of moisture instead of, as upon a clear day, with atoms of dust. One is denser and more perceptible than the other, and has a more positive effect upon line; but both of them are modifying influences which the painter estimates in giving distance, and which we should be careful to note for the reason that the tyro in painting often fails to note them.

Yet line is not the only thing that dissipates and blurs in proportion to the density of the atmosphere through which it is seen. Color is an important part of objects, and this, too, is changed by air in more ways than one, and often to the painter's perplexity. First, let me say that, so far as I have observed, I do not find that colors, as colors, are capable of rendering distance by association or otherwise. That is to say, blue, because it resembles the sky or the ether around distant hills, is not a *distance* color; nor red, because of its warmth or frequent use in household decoration, a *near* color. All colors are affected by distance, but they do not of themselves create it, as seems to be supposed in

some quarters. In original hue one appears about as near or as far as another. In the order of their disappearance in the distance there may be a difference; but, after asking many landscape painters about this, and making not a few experiments and observations myself, I am inclined to doubt if there be any great or well-defined difference. There is an apparent variance which may be due to causes other than hue or atmospheric effect, the quantity of light or dark contained in a color in connection with the background against which it is seen being the principal one. Given similar intensities of green, yellow, and blue—that is, make them equal in the quantity of light or dark they shall contain—place them on an absolutely neutral background, and one will appear about as strong as another. But if the intensities of light or dark be unequal in the colors, as, for instance, in a chrome-yellow, an emerald-green, and a cobalt-blue, then that color will (practically) disappear first which shows the least contrast to the background. If the background in the case of these supposed colors should be a green meadow, then the emerald-green would go first, the cobalt-blue second, and the chrome-yellow last, the light of the yellow standing out in the strongest relief against the dark of the green ground.

It seems to be the opinion of some writers, Leonardo da Vinci among others, that the dark colors

carry stronger than the light ones; but, with great respect for Leonardo, I think the working of the rule is mainly dependent upon this same matter of background again. A light shows better on a dark ground, and a dark better on a light ground. A practical illustration of the first statement is the white disk on the line-poles used in surveying, the white showing stronger against green landscape than black. An illustration of the second may be seen by flying two kites, one a deep purple and the other a pale yellow, against a light sky. The purple kite will stand out the longer, and the stronger by contrast. A double illustration may again be found in the military system of signalling by flags. If signalling from a hill-top five miles away, where the light sky is the background, a black or red flag is used; if signalling in a valley where the dark earth is a background, a white flag is used.

The landscape about us usually contains more of dark than of light (that is, as compared with the sky or its reflections from water, snow, or the like), and the inference I would draw from this is, that in ordinary landscape the lights hold stronger than the darks, because of the generally dark background against which they are shown. Reverse the ground, and the inference must likewise be reversed. Upon the mountain's side the trunk of the white birch shows among the green pines like a strip of snow in

an upper valley; but place the birch and the pines upon the mountain's ridge, where they are seen against a light sky, and immediately the pines show strongly and the birch is lost. Seen from the mountain's top, looking down into the valley, a field of ripened grain surrounded by timber makes a light spot on the landscape; but were the whole valley a mass of yellow grain, and one patch of timber stood in the middle of it, we can easily imagine the effect would be the direct opposite of what we at first noted.

Aside from colors showing as patches of light or dark on the landscape (Fig. 10), the intervening atmosphere produces some changes in their hues which may be generally summarized by saying that as they recede in the distance the light colors become warmer and the dark colors lighter and sometimes colder. Thus at fifty yards a forest is filled with great patches of green, red, and warm brown; but two miles away its foliage appears as a mass of purples, cold blues, and grays. The weather-beaten sail of a fishing-smack near at hand may be gray in color but out half a mile at sea or farther, especially at sunrise or sunset, it changes to a pale-orange tone not easily detected except by the trained eye of the painter. At two hundred yards' distance purplish-red turns to orange-red, yellow becomes a warmer yellow bordering upon orange, ultramarine

first turns to a purple and then quickly dissipates, and many of the lighter and more delicate hues are simply grayed down by the atmosphere into neutral tints.

I am not able to give you any scientific reason for these changes, nor state any positive law that will apply to all colors alike; but the general rule of light colors becoming warmer, and dark colors lighter, and sometimes cooler, will answer our purposes, especially as we shall find its recognition among painters, so far as painters recognize any rules whatever. As a matter of fact there are few of them that know, or care to know, about theories of changing colors. Some of them paint nature just as they happen to see it, at times producing like the impressionists, violet shadows and blue lights; others paint to make a picture, and if a certain color is wanted in a certain part of a picture to make tone or harmony, or for repetition's sake, they put it there whether it is in nature or not. It is the prevailing belief that the painter is ever and always the most conscientious slave to the truths of nature, and so in the abstract he is; but when he wishes to paint a picture he is first and last a slave to the truths of art. And rightly so. For it is not nature's imitation we seek, but a painter's impression of nature forcibly set forth through the medium of art.

Atmospheric effect upon *lights* and *shadows* is

similar to that upon light or dark colors, a high light holding stronger among dark surroundings and a deep shadow holding stronger among light surroundings. When the contrast is not marked they both fade and finally disappear from view at about the same distance, and moreover, when in small quantities they generally disappear sooner than the objects reflecting them or causing them. In full sunlight a shadow is usually darker than the object casting it unless this object be black. The shadow of a tree, for instance, at noontime appears darker than the tree itself when close to view; but when at a distance I think the shadow lightens and fades sooner than the dark of the tree, perhaps because its flat position does not enable it to be seen so well. When the shadows are in large masses there may be an exception to this, as there may be in regard to the lights. The deep shade on a mountain slope, or the sunlight on a white house, a tin roof, or a distant lake may be seen for miles, telling as distinct patches of dark or white on the landscape; but the light on the trunk of a maple-tree will last little longer than the shadow back of it, and the varied play of light and shade among the leaves of that tree, easily seen near at hand, will be blurred out by distance, the lights about as quickly as the shades. After lines, colors, lights, and shades have all disapppeared, so far as our identification of

them is concerned, there will still be a checkered or varied appearance about the objects possessing them. A mass of castellated rock upon the distant mountain's side, long after its line and color are lost and the lights and shades of crevices and breaks have disappeared, will still not appear as one uniform hue. The mingling of color and light-and-shade will create variations in the tint which, though indefinable in their vagueness, are nevertheless apparent.

The dissipating effect of atmosphere upon colors and intensities may be comprehended better if in our daily walks we take the opportunity of comparing like with like at different distances. There is, for instance, no commoner sight in cities than policemen dressed in blue coats standing on the street corners; get two of them in a line of sight at the distances from you of, say, ten and one hundred yards, and you will immediately see the difference in the intensities of the blue. If the painter should not give this difference in pitch, but from mental knowledge perhaps, should represent the clothing of both policemen of the same intensity, the effect of distance and air would be destroyed, the two policemen would be inextricably pasted together, the first would not "detach" or stand apart from the second. If the policemen are not to be found in your walks of life, you may notice the effect of atmosphere on a

row of elm or maple trees quite as readily. Get the trees in a line of sight, and notice first the difference in the tree-trunks. The one nearest you will be the darkest, or if not the darkest then the strongest—the most intense in color whatever its hue—and as the trees recede they become lighter and weaker in a perfect ratio. The green of the trees will be affected in a similar way, fading away into gray-green and finally to gray-blue. The effect is noticeable even at short range if we look carefully, for though we cannot by taking thought or rubbing our eyes see a dry atmosphere a block away from us, yet we can very easily see its effect upon objects at that distance.

Atmosphere may seem at first thought a slight thing for the motive power of a picture because of its intangibility, its delicacy, its apparent remoteness from human interest; but as it expresses a mood of nature, or a mood of the artist, I cannot see but that it is a beauty which, in connection with its usual attendants, tone and color, is pleasure-giving and worthy of serious consideration. In the early June mornings, when the light begins to flush along the tops of the eastern hills, there is a charm, a pleasure, a beauty in the feeling of cool air that fills the upper valleys; in the pale mists that float along the hill-sides; in the moist currents that move above the lowland meadows, blurring with invisible

XII.—DUEZ, Portrait in Red.

fingers the tall reeds and bushes, silvering over the foliage of the willows and poplars, and dripping dew into the cups of a thousand flowers. It was this early hour that Corot loved best — the hour when he saw the beauty of the morning gleaming through a silver veil, and caught upon canvas the vision as it passed. At noon the mists and dews have gone, the trees stand motionless in the hot sun, casting heavy yet luminous shadows, butterflies of many hues waver about the nodding grass, and bees drone idly along from flower to flower. A warm air appears to rise from the earth, gathering around the maples on the walk, and occasionally lifting with its faint breath a single leaf. It hangs above the earth in waves of stillness like an enchanter's spell, touching into immobility all warring elements of nature, and hushing for a time the contentions of men. This is the hour often chosen by those painters of nature's brilliancy, Fortuny, De Nittis, Rico, and William M. Chase. And then comes twilight, when the trees stand up like silhouettes against the yellow sky, and the shadows come creeping down into the foreground. The pond is a motionless mirror of the sky; the reeds and bushes are dull spots of brown or green; the air moves hither and thither in faint gray waves pushing about little patches of mist already risen, imbuing all things with its spirit, and tinging all things with

its hue. This was the hour of Daubigny—the hour and the effect he so often depicted in his silver and golden landscapes along the banks of the Seine and the Marne.

Each clime has its peculiar atmosphere, the just painting of which gives local coloring and identity. At Scheveningen, looking up the beach to where the sand-dunes bend around in a horseshoe, we may see the heavy salt air of the sea wedged in the half-circle, just as we have often seen its counterpart in the pictures of the Dutch sea-painters. Off from the coast, receding out to sea, the orange-brown sails of the fishing-smacks are blown full of the same strong sea-wind; the clouds go torn and flying across the upper sky, the waves come rolling in in great yellowish breakers that crash upon the beach just as Mesdag and others have portrayed them. Up over the protecting dykes the salt air carries far inland; the clouds drift over towns, woods and meadows; and the gray and damp of the ocean, like human breath upon glass, change the whole scene into a color-tone of pearly-gray such as you may have noticed in the landscapes of Mauve or Willem Maris. In Cairo, down the long narrow street at noonday, the hot air looks half-blue, half-red, as though the stones of the street were furnaces driving off iridescent heat which quavers and rocks itself skyward. The roofs and the walls

glare white in the sun. Dark flat shadows are thrown across the street in which, crouched against the buildings, sit white-hooded figures. A gaily-trapped donkey staggers with his load. In the distance looms like a shaft of light the white minaret of a mosque. Overhead is the deep-blue of the Egyptian sky. It was thus that Decamps and Fromentin saw and painted the beauty of the East. Here, in New Jersey, there are days in June when the air is thick with moisture; dull leaden clouds go slowly voyaging along the sky; the heavy foliage is saturated with rain; the meadows are half-obscured in mist; the hills are altogether lost. Gray—gray atmosphere—creeps into every nook and breathes its moist breath upon every object, until the ruling spirit of the scene is saturation. It is thus that Mr. Inness, our own landscape painter, has portrayed it.

The history of aërial perspective, as practised among the painters, may be briefly told. I cannot say positively who began the use of it, for any artist that I might name would be sure to have a forerunner who practised it somewhat. I can only point to a period when all the artists of a school began to interest themselves in it. We have no reason to suppose that any of the Pre-Renaissance artists knew very much about it. The knowledge of it among the Italians was extensive, as shown by the writings

of Leonardo, but neither he nor his contemporaries demonstrated it any too successfully in landscape work. Their foregrounds were green or brown, their backgrounds were blue, and little gradation appeared between these two extremes. Their handling of it in figure compositions was much better, though by no means remarkable. Correggio and the Venetians improved upon the Florentines in aërial perspective, as they did in all things relating to the technic of painting except drawing and composition; but I do not know that any one of them made atmosphere a picture motive. In Spain, Velasquez was its master, and painted it with wonderful effect, as the celebrated picture of the "Tapestry Weavers" will show. But it was the Dutch and Flemish schools that first put it forward as a peculiar beauty of a picture, as may be seen in those interiors of Pieter de Hooghe and Jan van der Meer of Delft, of which I have spoken; in the architectural pieces of Van der Heyden, in the landscapes of Hobbema and Wynants, in the marines of Van de Velde, and in the figure pieces of Rembrandt.

In France, during the first quarter of this century, atmosphere and, in fact, all natural effects had been largely abandoned for the beauty of the classic and the academic; but about the beginning of the second quarter of the century it was again brought

into notice by Constable and Bonington, and more forcibly and poetically by Corot and the Orientalists, Fromentin (Fig. 8) and Decamps. The Fontainebleau-Barbizon school all understood it and painted it with the most poetic results, especially men like Troyon, Jacque, Rousseau, Daubigny and Millet. Among the moderns there are so many painters devoted to it that I can mention but a few of them: Lerolle, Cazin, Besnard, Monet, in France; Weir, Twachtman, Tryon, Robinson, in America; and Israels, Mauve, Willem Maris, and others, in Holland.

As I have intimated, some of the moderns go to extremes in the portrayal of atmosphere, filling a room with something that may be seen almost as readily as smoke, blurring figures out of all recognition at ten paces, because there happen to be other figures at five paces, and stopping up the end of a hundred-yard street with an impenetrable scumble of gray paint in lieu of air. Such work may be clever in its way as exemplifying values, and artists may sometimes speak of such pictures as "stunning things," but they "stun" more by their falsity than their truth. The scumble is at the best a questionable means of obtaining aërial effects at short range; for a dry atmosphere that can be seen at a hundred yards is generally too apparent to be true. We need not, however, find fault with the

painter's methods if they but render the right effects and when we consider with what slight tools he produces these effects of nature—a brush, a few colors, and a flat surface—perhaps we should not find fault with him at all.

LECTURE V.

VALUES

The word "Values" is one continually rolled under the tongue by artists, art critics, amateurs, and collectors; but it is to be feared that, like Ben Achmed's cheer, it means fish to one, flesh to another, and fowl to a third. There is some confusion of meaning about the term, which is attributable to the fact that value may mean more than one thing, or at the least is caused or produced by more than one thing, as I shall endeavor to explain to you.

The broad meaning of the word in painting is not different from the meaning of the same word in the business world. Personal and real properties have a value, as judged by a standard of gold or silver; the tones and shades in a picture have a value as judged by a standard of light or dark. The hue, or coloring principle, may be said to have nothing to do with the estimate of a tone's importance. Value does not reckon with colors as color, but only with the quantities of light or dark they may reflect. It is the intensity of a tone or shade

that counts, and not the hue of a red or the hue of an ultramarine. Hence an etching, a pen-and-ink, a sepia, or a charcoal drawing, may show values quite as well as a painting in colors.

In black-and-white work the unit of value is usually black, and all the shades of white, gray, or black have a relative worth or rank as they approach the blackest dark in the drawing. There is no good reason except custom, why, inversely, white should not be used as a unit, and all the tones be given a rank as they approach the purest white or the ground of the paper. For, as already observed in treating of light-and-shade, each shade is a light as compared with a deeper shade, and each light is a shade as compared with a higher light. However, the usage of the artists is usually against the reckoning by whites; and so in all pen, pencil, or etching-needle work, we would better look upon black as the standard.

To illustrate this sliding scale of value in tone let us, for example, consider an etching of a landscape. If the light come from the distant background, as we may suppose, the greatest, that is the strongest values would be in the immediate foreground. The grass, the bushes, the trees, would be full in line and dark in tone, showing perhaps as the most distinct lines (or blacks) upon the paper. As the landscape recedes the value of tree-trunks

XIII.—EATON, Reflection

and their shadows begins to diminish. From a sharp black they become a dull or broken black; and the lines show smaller, thinner, weaker. Farther back in the distance the trees show still fainter, and the foliage is made up by delicate black lines, broken by light in such a manner that it holds not as a mass of black but as a mass of gray. If a white house were standing by a sheet of water in the distance, its sides would almost count as the white of the paper, that is they would be lightly touched with gray; the shadows of the corners would be slightly indicated to preserve identity of form; and the sheet of water would have merely some faint lines about it. Lowest in value of all, that is reckoning from black as a unit, would be the sunset sky (the highest light), represented by the white of the paper, perhaps cut here and there by a scratchy line to indicate the form of sun-shafts or clouds. If, in this supposed case of gradation from foreground to background, any tone should be given too dark or too light for its particular place or prominence, it would be false in value and would give an untrue appearance to the etching. The differences in the light or dark of shades such as those we have supposed, you will naturally conclude, are caused by aërial perspective, the falling off in the intensity of objects as they recede in the background; but with the cause I am

not now directly concerned. I wish merely to point out to you that whatever may be the cause there is a difference in the light-pitch of the various objects or their shades running along the scale from black to white; and it is simply this difference in pitch that artists regard as a difference in value.

So much for the handling of values when the darks are pronounced and the gradation toward white is uniform. For the treatment of weaker notes, and those which are merely shades of white, the same landscape will furnish us an example independent of recession or gradation by atmosphere if we suppose in the immediate foreground a thick clump of trees and under the shadow of the trees a shepherdess dressed in white with a drove of sheep. The girl's dress in reality may be pure white; but it is a white seen under shadow, and that is very different from a white seen under sunlight. The dress will appear whiter than the gray sheep, but if the etcher be so unfortunate as to make it a *pure* white —that is, the white of the paper—he will find when he comes to put in his light sky that he has left himself no further resource, no higher step in the whites to attain. He has played his highest card too soon. The etching would be false in value, and the etcher would be obliged to go back and lower the white of the girl's dress to a whitish-gray distinctly darker than the sky.

An illustration similar to this would be an etching of an interior where light is coming in at a window. On the wall perhaps hangs an engraving with a white-paper edge to it; around it is a white mat; and around the mat a white frame. Here would be three whites, all, comparatively speaking, under shadow; but supposing them all of the same material there would still be considerable variation in their pitches, because the engraving edge is more under shadow than the mat, the mat more than the frame. As regards the darkness of their whites, then, the engraving edge would come first, the mat next, and the frame last; while the light coming in at the window would be whiter than any one of them, or all of them put together. In these last two illustrations you will note that the variation in the whites is caused by the uneven distribution of light. It is, in fact, nothing more nor less than what the English painter would call a matter of "tone;" but, again, we need not concern ourselves just now with the cause nor be confused by it. The *effect* is a difference in the pitch of light or dark, and that is always, no matter what the cause, a difference in value.

When *color* is used the unit of value instead of being a dark is a light, and painters generally estimate the importance of a tone or shade of color by comparison with the highest light, or what is in ef-

fect the same thing, the highest color. To avoid misunderstanding it may be worth while to repeat that this estimate is not made by taking into account the hue or coloring principle of colors, but only the tone or shade—the quantity of reflected light or dark. Vermilion would have no more value than ultramarine were it not that the vermilion reflects twenty-five per cent. of light and the ultramarine only seven per cent. Each color or broken tone of color has a value proportionate to the quantity of light it reflects (Fig. 11); and, scientifically, the values of the six leading colors, if all subjected to the same beam of sunlight, would rank, from highest to lowest, in the order of yellow, orange, green, red, blue, violet. These values *in a picture*, you will understand, are not positive, but always relative to other colors used. The positive percentages of light in the leading colors have been computed by scientists, yet the computations practically serve no purpose in art. For instance, chrome-yellow reflects about eighty per cent. of light, green about forty per cent., and orange-red about sixty per cent. With these known percentages one could, I imagine, scientifically construct the chief values of a picture. Thus, let the chrome-yellow with its eighty per cent. of light represent a sunset sky in the background; let the green with its forty per cent. represent the grass in the immediate fore-

ground; and let the orange-red with its sixty per cent. represent the sail of a Venetian fishing-vessel upon the water of the middle distance. Now we have the three leading pitches of light in the three planes of the picture, and all of them truthfully maintained and in position. The green is to the orange-red as the orange-red is to the chrome-yellow; or, expressed in figures as regards the values, 40 is to 60 as 60 to 80.

But art is far removed from science and mathematics. The values of colors in a picture are not computed by painters with scientific or positive percentages of light, nor do they build pictures in any such matter of figures as I have described. The value of a tone is usually determined by its relationship to other tones, and not by mathematical calculation but by the eye at a single glance. To judge whether a note is relatively too high or too low is a feat not difficult of accomplishment, though to place the note quite right with a brush may not be so easy. One look at a bouquet of flowers made up of pink roses, yellow roses, and violets will tell us that the yellow has more value than the pink, and the pink more value than the violet (Fig. 11); just as in the pictures of Sebastiano del Piombo the orange-colored robes of his women are seen to out-value the green and the red robes. That color which appears to be the lightest, though

it may not be the strongest, is generally the one that has the most value. When broken or mixed tones are used the problem becomes a little more intricate, but very little harder to solve by the spectator. A brass kettle is not a pure yellow, but we have no difficulty in determining its value as compared with a copper kettle; nor is the scarlet of a maple-leaf a pure scarlet, yet its value is easily distinguished from the deep red of an oak-leaf. There is, however, some difficulty in detecting the slight inequalities in the tones of the *same* color when seen at varying distances, of which I come to speak immediately.

The meaning which recognizes value as the relative worth in point of light-pitch *of the various colors* is the meaning of the term as understood and set forth in print by Fromentin, Blanc, Couture, and others, about twenty or thirty years ago, to speak generally. But there has been a change in the application of the word since then of which it is necessary to take note. The advanced painter of to-day does not always consider the difference between a green and a blue, a red and a yellow, a violet and an orange, as a matter of value, or, at the least, rarely speaks of it as such. If he were questioned he would doubtless call this a difference in colors—a chromatic difference. Value in his vocabulary, perhaps by a strained use of the word, has come to

mean the relative importance of colors similar in hue and almost of the same intensity.

This slight difference in value was exemplified some years ago by Fortuny in his picture of the "Academicians of St. Luke Examining a Model," in which the painter has posed a nude figure on the top of a marble table, and thrown the pinkish-yellow flesh of the figure against a delicate pink wall as a background. When Gérôme saw the picture he asked Fortuny why he had not placed the figure against a dark ground for contrast, as he (Gérôme) would have placed it. Fortuny rather sarcastically replied: "Because I am not the great artist you are, sir." Which was the greater artist we need not now stop to inquire, except to say that Fortuny was certainly the greater as regards the arrangement of this picture. To relieve pinkish-yellow against black would have been an easy enough task; but to relieve pinkish-yellow against pink was the task of a skilled technician. Fortuny was seeking a delicate color-scheme, and found it by a truthful yet very slight discrimination in his values. The detaching of the figure from the background created distance and air; the slight difference between the pinkish-yellow of the flesh and the pink wall was sufficient to do this; and the gain was that the pink of the wall, instead of breaking the flow of color, as black would have done,

facilitated it, made it subtle, rendered it half-mysterious.

Fortuny's work shows not only a modern meaning of values, but is an illustration of the advance in color-delicacy which has been made in recent years. Working by the Gérôme scheme of contrasts, a mediocre artist in painting the portrait of a lady would perhaps paint her in a lilac dress with blue ribbons, white linen, gold ornaments, and a red background; and the differences in pitch between these various colors would, under the Blanc-Couture definition, be his differences in value. But the more modern valuer, if I may be allowed that word, would arrange matters otherwise. He would paint her in black silk, trimmed perhaps with black velvet, black lace, and jet beads, and he would possibly place her against a black or dark-colored ground. These various intensities of black relieved and detached one from another would be a part of *his* scheme of values. And for an illustration of the effective way in which some of these blacks have been handled I refer you to Fortuny again, the "Portrait of a Spanish Lady," in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

At the Münich Exhibition in 1888, and also at the Paris Exposition in 1889, there was a well-known picture (Fig. 12) by Duez, the French painter, showing a woman dressed in red, seated on a red lounge,

back of which was a red wall. There were no less than eight or nine reds in the picture, and the painter had set himself the task of painting a harmony of them all. He did not wish to break in upon the prevailing color with other colors, yet he wished the objects to be in their proper positions and detached one from another. He accomplished this not by contrasts, but by the use of like hues. By slightly varying the intensities of red, he detached his objects and yet maintained the color-flow. In the same Münich Exhibition were some of the pictures of Mr. Whistler, showing figures in gray relieved against gray grounds, figures in brown relieved against brown grounds, and figures in white relieved against white grounds. The slight differences in the intensities, or light-reflecting qualities of these grays, browns, or whites, reveal Mr. Whistler's understanding of values. His practice does not produce relief by contrast after the Gérôme formula, but a relief by accordance. Each tone is guarded and preserved slightly but securely; it is not walled up and shut out by strongly contrasted oppositions. The values are acutely perceived and delicately recorded, the color-flow is not broken, the relationship of the different tones is maintained, every note is in its proper place.

Now here is apparently a second, and, I think, a more commonly used meaning of the word value.

In reality the meaning of the word has not changed, but its application has. Value is still the relative worth in light or dark of tones; it is still concerned with the light or dark of colors, but more with similar and closely related than contrasted colors. The difference between a dull red and a dark red is a refinement upon the difference between a red and a blue. The technical difficulty of giving the necessary relief is greater, and the delicacy of color is brought out with more cunning.

As for the *cause* of the variation in the light or dark of the similar colors in the latter instances I have supposed, it is not, perhaps, so much attributable to the intervening atmosphere as to the colors being in slightly different positions, or receiving and reflecting different intensities of light. If you break a spread of newly fallen snow, throwing a patch of it ahead of you, you cannot fail to see the patch distinctly relieved from the snow beneath it. All the snow is, practically speaking, of the one white; but there is a difference in value or intensity between the patch and the main body of snow beneath it, else we should not be able to distinguish the one from the other. The patch receives varied intensities of light. Some of it is illumined directly from the sky, the sides of it receive reflected light, the underneath parts

of it have light thrown up from the snow beneath it. These trifling variations in the light-reflecting powers of the snow and its patch form a problem in values the truthful solution of which upon canvas could alone give us the appearance of nature. A picture by Mr. Wyatt Eaton, called "Reflection" (Fig. 13), in which a thoughtful-looking girl is seated close to a mirror which reflects her side face, is a practical illustration of this difference in value caused by difference in light. The flesh-color of the face appears in both images, but the intensity in the reflection is not so great as in the original, for the reason that it does not receive or reflect so direct a light as the original. In the case of the black silk dress and its trimmings, of which I spoke a moment ago, the difference in the blacks might be due to the respective reflecting powers of the various substances. The velvet would be the darkest of all from its lack of even surface; the lace would be next in order of blackness; the silk would be lighter because its closely woven fibre makes a better reflector of light; and lightest of all the four blacks would be the jet beads, which in their polished surfaces would resemble tiny black mirrors reflecting the light of surrounding objects. Some of the causes, then, of the variation in pitch between objects of the same or similar color may be set down to dif-

ference in position, difference in light, and difference in light-reflecting power or texture.

There are, however, several other causes for the variations which must be enumerated; but, again, I must warn you against confusing cause with effect. We must keep our eye on the effect—the variation in the light-reflecting power of tones or shades. For that must be reckoned with as value regardless of its cause. The next cause of value, then, is atmosphere. Owing to the intervening air two papers of the same color and in the same light, if seen at different distances, will not appear of a like intensity. As observed in speaking of aërial perspective, a yellow at one hundred yards shifts into a dull-orange, a blue into a dull-blue, a green puts on a grayish-green hue; not only the intensity changes, but oftentimes the hue. As a result, where there is comparison there is value. The difference between similar colors at varying ranges brings home to us the distinction in values caused by atmosphere with some emphasis. The flesh-color of a man's face, and the blue or black of his coat, are noticeably stronger at ten paces than those of another man in a line of sight a hundred paces beyond him; and the red of a brick house before us is more intensely red than that of another brick house half a mile away from us. If we imagined a row of men, a hundred yards long, and a row of

brick houses half a mile long, the difference in value would not be less real, but it would be less apparent through the delicacy of the gradation. And in art it is by this delicacy of gradation, its absence or its presence, that we detect the unskilled worker or the trained technician.

The disregard of atmospheric conditions, the lack of color-gradation, the absence of true values, were the chief technical shortcomings of the Russian painter Verestchagin, whose large expanses of canvas were recently exhibited in New York. Among these pictures was one representing General Skobeleff on horseback dashing along a line of soldiers after some battle. It was a snow scene, but the snow in the trenches of the immediate foreground was little stronger in value than the snow in the mountain valleys five miles beyond it. Near this picture hung one of a camp hospital, with four or five large tents receding diagonally, each beyond the other, toward the background. The linear perspective was properly regarded, the tents shrank in dimensions as they receded; but the aërial perspective was neglected, the tents did not fall off in intensity of coloring. One of the best pictures in the whole collection was a small painting of the "Jews Wailing Wall at Jerusalem;" but it, too, was not quite true in values. The wall was seen in perspective, receding into the background perhaps a hun-

dred or more yards; yet the last stone of it was quite as strong in coloring as the first stone, the last figure in white weeping before it was just as brightly white as the first one on the line. The linear perspective was right enough again, but the effect of atmosphere, the true values of the different hues and shades were lacking. The same painter's picture called "Blowing from Guns," an incident in the Sepoy War, showed that he was not without knowledge of aërial perspective, for in it there was a difference in pitch in the white garments of the victims, and also in the white helmets of the British soldiers; but this piece was an exception to the disregard of delicate values marking the majority of the pictures in the collection.

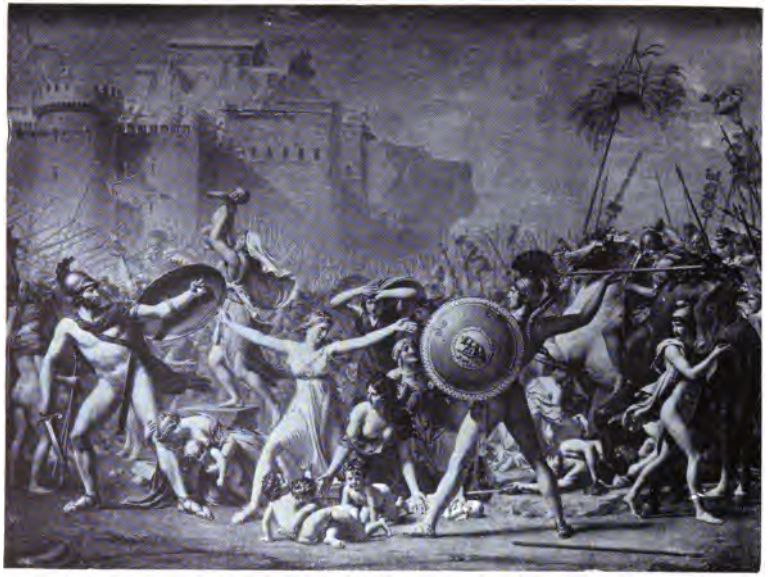
If we turn from Verestchagin's battle-pieces to Lerolle's quiet church interior, called "The Organ Rehearsal," now in the Metropolitan Museum, we shall find that atmosphere has a very potent effect in changing the values of tones and shades. The scene is in the organ loft of a church, a girl is singing, and some people in groups are listening to her. In front of her the choir-railing, seen in perspective, runs across the church. Notice this railing the next time you see the picture and you will see a decided difference in the color-pitch grading from foreground to background. The foreground part is perceptibly stronger in value

than the background part, and the change in the coloring of the railing from high to low can be plainly traced with the eye. It is not obtrusively prominent, and doubtless you would not notice it at all unless your attention were called to it; but it is by just such gradations as this throughout the picture that the sense and feeling of air, the proper relations of the figures to their surroundings, the expanse and extent of the church, are given. Mr. Bridgman shows an effect similar to this in one of his Algerian pictures called "On the Terrace." It is a scene from the heights of the town, and in front of the terrace is a white wall beginning at one corner of the canvas and running diagonally into the background. In the original the wall is all of one pitch of white, but in the picture the foreground-end of it is a chalk white, and this white is graded through various stages of depression until at the background-end we see a grayish-white.

And finally, as good illustrations of values arising from atmospheric effect, I wish to call your attention once more to the pictures of Mr. Whistler. The notes, nocturnes, symphonies, and harmonies of color, by which names his pictures have come to find lodgement in our minds, are the most delicate and refined studies in values that you will see in the whole range of modern art. His figure-pieces are usually designed as studies in reds, browns,

grays, pinks, yellows, blacks, or whites; but whatever colors he originally chooses are taken up, repeated, and carried through the whole picture. For instance, a lady dressed in pinkish-gray may be standing on a walk in front of a house. The walk will be gray, the house will be pinkish-gray, the trees will be gray, the pink sky beyond it will be tinged with gray. The picture will strike you instantly as a note in pink and gray. And these different pitches of the same or similar colors will be so skilfully rendered, their respective values will be so well maintained that, though you can scarcely detect the difference between them, they will nevertheless give you the sense of distance and the feeling of air with irresistible force.

In his landscapes the gradations are even more subtile, and the subtility of Mr. Whistler's values is the greater from the extreme simplicity of his compositions. A little patch of canvas no larger than your two hands will show, perhaps, one of his shore scenes; a strip of it gives us the gray of the sand or the green of the grass; a second strip gives us the ocean; a third strip gives us the sky, and that is all there is to the composition of the picture. But now, if you examine the green of that shore or meadow as it runs back from the foreground perhaps a quarter of a mile, you will find yourself wondering how the artist contrived to make it lie flat



XIV.—DAVID, The Sabines.

and run back. There is apparently little chance for linear perspective, for there are few lines except those of the flat sod; and there are no changes of color, nor difference in value of one portion of the green over another portion of it that you can distinguish with any degree of certainty. Yet the green recedes, and it does so by almost imperceptible gradations of color, by the most delicate handling of values yet known in art—so delicate that they are hardly seen, but rather felt to be there. And this gradation runs from the foreground down to the shore, and from the shore it begins again, on a slightly different pitch, and runs across the sea to the horizon, where it begins once more in the same way and runs up the sky. The values of earth, sea, and sky, as different masses in relation to each other, are correctly maintained, and through each of the three masses the values are carried again with a greater refinement and a more cunning brush. Perhaps this gradation by values is an illustration in paint of what Mr. Whistler has said in words, that a painting is finished when all the means of its production have vanished from the canvas. Whatever his theory of art, his practice certainly places before us charming bits of nature, as beautiful in their coloring as they are true in the relationship of their parts. Above all, as a creator as well as a technician, he gives us more of the spirit of a scene than

its dry facts and literal forms. He knows how to grasp and emphasize striking features; and he knows how to leave to the imagination much that if placed in the picture would simply drag it down.

I began this subject to-day by saying that "value meant more than one thing, or at the least was caused or produced by more than one thing." I must repeat that it reckons only with the quantity of light or dark shown by a tone or shade; but this quantity of light or dark may be produced by several different causes. We have examined some of these causes; first, the original difference in the light or dark of colors; secondly, the different light received or reflected by similar colors placed in slightly varying positions; and thirdly, the influence of atmosphere. Now, there is still a fourth cause productive of a difference in the light or dark of tones which I hesitate about referring to, because I may be thought disposed to mix up terms and misname certain art-means. This fourth cause is light-and-shade, or chiaroscuro.

It may be objected to the atmospheric influence that it is nothing but aërial perspective, that it should be regarded as such, and not be confounded with value. A similar objection may be made to the introduction and compounding of chiaroscuro with value. My answer is twofold. First, no matter what the cause, whether original difference in

color, aërial perspective, or simple light-and-shade, the *effect* is a variance in pitch which must be recognized as value. In other words, a matter of atmosphere or of chiaroscuro is also a matter of value. Secondly, it is necessary to treat of these art-means as productive of or influencing value, for the reason that the modern painters so regard them. Painters have certainly a right to give their own meanings to their own products, or means of production, however much it may displease dictionary makers and art critics. If they choose to regard aërial perspective and chiaroscuro as value, and they certainly do so regard them, then they must be recognized as such by other people. The term has undergone several changes in its usage since Couture and Blanc defined it as the light or dark of different colors and confined its application to colors. You need not, then, be surprised to hear so modern an artist as Carolus-Duran saying to a pupil in his reported studio talks: "You have a *shadow* there on the neck that looks like a stain, because it is not true in value."* Nor need you be surprised to hear William M. Hunt, in his *Talks on Art*, speaking about "Values—or masses of light and shade;" and another artist writing in the *Art Amateur:* "These degrees of light and dark, whether due to shade, to atmospheric effect, to lighting, or

* Contemporary Review, May, 1888.

to local color, are the values." For it is precisely the "degrees of light and dark" that produce value, and all causes of these degrees must be taken into consideration, among them chiaroscuro.

I have in mind a picture of Arab horsemen dashing out from beneath a grove of trees. The first horseman is in the open light, the second still under the shade of the trees; both are on the same plane and but a few feet apart. Let us suppose both of these horses are bay-horses. Though of precisely the same coloring, would not the one in the open be of a higher value than the one under the wood? Undoubtedly. And to what would this difference be due? To atmosphere? No; they are on the same plane, and we see them both through the same density of air. To original difference of color? No; we are supposing them both to be bay-horses or at any rate of the same coloring. To what, then, is the variation in appearance due unless it be to light-and-shade? It is simply the difference between a bay-horse in full sunlight and a bay-horse in shadow, and this is not only a matter of light-and-shade, but a matter of value.

Take, again, a Cairo street in the late afternoon when the shadows of the houses extend across the street and fill it with shade. At one part of it there is a missing house and a broad belt of sunlight pours through the opening, turning whatever it touches

into white and gold. Instantly there is a difference in value. The white walls in sunlight become the highest white, to which all the other whites whether under shadow or in half-tone pay allegiance. The picture of the "Turkish School," by Decamps in the Musée Fodor in Amsterdam is a good illustration of a similar effect. The school interior, its gayly dressed occupants, and its gray-haired teacher are all in shadow, except where, through a barred window, the sunlight falls and strikes upon the wall. And this spot of light is so vivid that people oftentimes mistake it for reality and look about the gallery to see from what window the light comes. The relation of the light to the shadow is certainly true enough to make the illusion momentarily possible. Were the sunlight painted in a lower key, or were the interior shadows painted higher, we should feel the inconsistency at once. The picture would not give the appearance of nature, and a painter would say of it that it was false in value.

If these wide variations in pitch caused by light or shade in mass can be regarded as value, then it is difficult to understand why light or shade in smaller quantities should not be considered in the same way. The difference between the flesh-color of the chin and that of the throat just beneath it may be due to light-and-shade, yet each tone must

be reckoned with for its value, for if either be placed too high or too low the portrait is rendered untrue. It was doubtless the placing of too strong a dark on the neck, judged by the light of the cheek or the chin, that led Carolus-Duran to say what he did to his pupil. It might be said that the pupil simply made a slip in his light-and-shade by getting the shadow too dark; and true enough that was the only error. But the *result* of the error was that the relation of the tones was falsified, and that, I am insisting, was a falsification of value. A group of young men dressed in white tennis-suits standing under a tree, some of them in shadow and some in sunlight, is a matter of light-and-shade again, and in England a matter of tone; but the comparison of the whites in sunlight with the whites under shadow creates value.

Wherever there is an opportunity for the comparison of one tone or shade with another tone or shade there value presents itself regardless of how the tones or shades are produced. But it is always necessary that there should be something with which to compare. There must be a comparative standard or unit by which an estimate of a tone may be made. There could hardly be value to a vase taken separately from other objects any more than to a bag of gold on a desert island; but great distance or many objects are not necessary to the

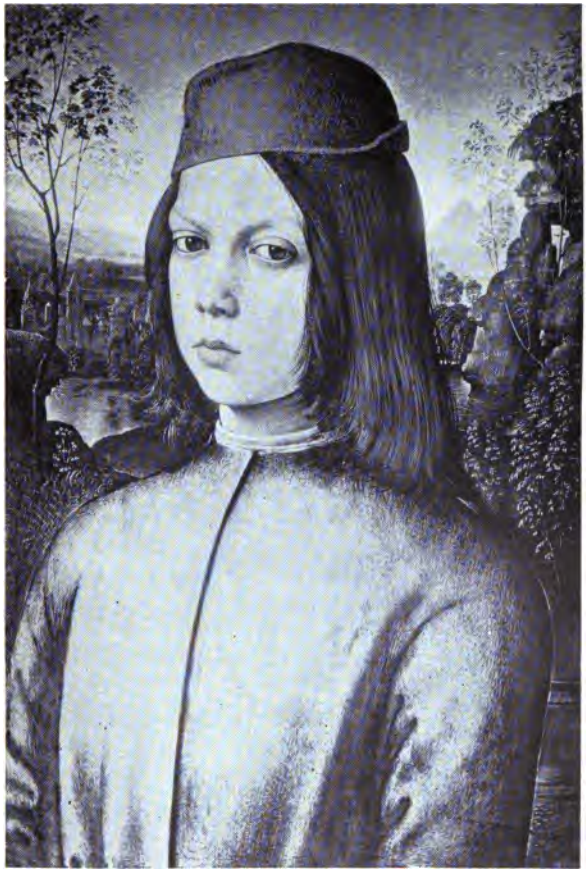
comparison. The value of the vase could be estimated by comparison with another vase, a piece of marble, or a wall background; and the fold of a yellow dress may serve for comparison with a yellow glove, or even with portions of the same dress seen in a different light, or at a slight distance. There is, however, a delicate line of distinction, rather hard to determine, which marks the limit where value leaves off and pure light-and-shade is alone regarded.

A broad use of the word is sometimes, though not often, applied to the intensities of the different planes or sections of a picture as they are affected by sunlight, shadow, or atmosphere. Thus a green meadow-landscape may be shadowed in the foreground, sunlit in the middle distance, half-lighted in the background, and obscured in the sky, giving four distinct pitches of color, each of them a mass of diversified intensities in itself, and each holding a relationship as a mass to the other masses. Or, as in the landscapes of Mr. Whistler, there may be a green foreground, a middle distance of beach and sea, and a background of dark sky each different in pitch again. Or there may be three other pitches of intensity, as shown in the people, the marbles, and the buildings of Couture's "Romans of the Decadence."

It is necessary in good art that the intensity of

each plane be maintained within itself and be maintained in relationship to the other planes. The reason of this rule of art we would instantly appreciate could we see an example of the rule's violation. One of Couture's Romans painted in strong colors, and given a high value, if put into the background of his picture would not stay there. The strong coloring, the coloring of the first plane, would bring the figure forward into that plane notwithstanding it might be linearly represented as standing by a distant column of the second plane. So in a landscape an intensity of the first plane if put in the second plane would appear there as a spot, an accidental brush-stroke, which we should feel like wiping out. In either case relationship would be falsified and the picture would be "spotty" or disjointed.

It may be carrying coals to Newcastle to explain my explanation of values, but some may still feel like asking: "What is the object of this regard for pitch and intensity after all?" and I feel that it is perhaps necessary to say a few words more concerning what value accomplishes, for it is certainly one of the most important features of modern technic, and one upon which great stress is laid by the painters. First, then, the proper maintenance of values places objects, tones, and shades in a picture in the precise relative position which they occupy



XV.—PINTURRICCHIO, Portrait of a Boy.

in the natural scene; it unites all things by giving the appearance of atmosphere, and blends the scene into one consistent whole, such as we know nature itself to be. Along the northern shore of the Mediterranean—one of the most beautiful shores on the globe—an imaginative person may see through the depths of the clear water what looks to be a mimic world lying along the bottom of the sea. The rocks appear to stand as mountains, the sands as valleys, the sea-weeds as forests, the sea-shells as houses; light shines through it, shadow marks it, different color-intensities appear everywhere, and over all is the lapseless wave, the swaying current, that cements the whole into one—the oneness of the sea-world. Our own world is much like it, so moulded, so diversified, so shadowed, so lighted; and over it, cementing and holding it together by invisible hands, is a similar lapseless wave, a swaying current, not of water but of air. The transparent medium through which in each case we are enabled to see, helps to give proper place to objects, lights, and colors, so that they have a worth according to their position which we may estimate as value. Without relative positions, without true values, the world of sight in actual life would be but a jumble of confused shades and tones; objects and colors would not recede; order would give place to chaos. In reaching out for a hand we might grasp a wrist; in

walking we should stumble, not seeing depressions and elevations; in throwing a stone we should not know what force to give it, for distance would be annihilated.

You may have seen somewhat of this unnatural chaotic effect in mediocre pictures where the different objects fail to "detach;" a portrait head, for instance, hopelessly fastened to its background, a tree with its foliage glued fast to a white cloud, or two sails of an oncoming ship which appear as one. But a short time ago my attention was attracted by this very lack of values in a picture at one of our spring exhibitions, showing a side view of a yoke of oxen in the tall grass by the edge of a pond. The body of the near ox completely hid the body of the far one, but there were two heads and two necks appearing in the picture, and one ox had his head down drinking while the other had his raised. The painter had not given the true values to the different heads and necks. The head of the far ox rose directly over the head of the near one; it apparently did not recede beyond the other a hair's breadth. The result was as might be expected. The public was treated to the museum curiosity of the double-headed ox reproduced in art.

You may often see similar examples of incompetency among artists of the English school, and

also at times among the impressionists. The latter have been from the beginning strong advocates of values, yet their practice has not always exemplified them happily. In some of the portraits by Manet, the founder of the school and possibly its strongest painter, the heads come forward from the bodies and the necks recede, through the use of too strong or too weak colorings; the background in Bastien-Lepage's "Joan of Arc" is confused for the same reason; and in Degas's work confusion is sometimes worse than confounded by having the pink dress and head of a ballet-girl in one plane of the picture, and her feet in another plane. From this it is not necessary for us to infer that Manet, Bastien, Degas, Renoir, and others, are inferior painters. On the contrary, we shall some day come to forget their extreme point of view with their technical experiments, and think of them as men who advanced the serious study of art by the discovery of new appearances in nature and new methods of interpreting those appearances.

There is one more object of values concerning which I made some mention in my second lecture by quoting Fromentin as saying that "the whole art of the colorist lies in his knowledge in employing the exact relations of values in tones." This statement of Fromentin's is perhaps a little broad in its scope, but there is certainly good cause for

thinking that color-harmony is largely governed by relation. How or why it is so governed is not easy of explanation, and I can only suggest to you what I think to be the reason of it, namely, that the maintenance of the proper relations and positions of tones is in itself a cause of harmony independent of the tones employed. Whether we like or dislike certain conjunctions of color in a picture, we do not feel any discord when the same colors are employed by nature, except occasionally when the light is discoloring or bleaching. Yellow, blue, and green may jar in a *picture* of an autumn landscape, because in it the relations of tones are only partly given or perhaps not given at all. The green sward may be shown but a few feet below the scarlet maple, and the top of the scarlet maple may be the resting-place for the blue sky. But the autumn landscape itself, when we look out upon it, seems not inharmonious. The green sward runs flat for miles, and the blue sky, in its indefinable depth and flawless transparency, is far above and far beyond the scarlet maple. And as the relationships in nature or art are coarse or refined, strongly marked as in full sunlight, or subtilely blended as in twilight scenes, so is our sense of harmony comparatively satisfied or superlatively delighted. Three broad bands of red, green, and blue placed side by side, though not disagreeable, would hardly be called a rhythm of col-

or. The relationship between them is not delicate. But take these colors and place them on the three points of a triangle, one on each point, and then blend in toward the centre of the triangle through the intermediate notes until we are unable to say where one color leaves off and another color begins, and immediately we shall have a harmony.

It is this delicate blending—this subtile running of one note into another, yet ever maintaining values and relationships—that gives to Mr. Whistler's pictures their beauty of color; that lends the charm of light and air to the landscapes of Corot; that makes Watteau's *fête* scenes a delight to the eye, and helps place the pictures of the little Dutchman in the first rank of art. I see, or at the least think I see, this flow of tones true in value and accurate in position in the masterpieces of Paolo Veronese, and Tiepolo; it seems to me apparent in the subtile reds and yellows of Rubens; in the browns and grays of Pieter de Hooghe; in the reds and golds of that greatest *painter* of all, Velasquez. As far as I am able to judge, therefore, I may say that the maintenance of values in closely related tones of color is a leading principle of color-harmony. This, supposing it to be the true hypothesis, may be entertained without prejudice to the genius of the colorist; for though the principles of color were as well known as those of poetry, yet the production of a harmony

or an epic would still require the services of those exceptional men, the colorist and the poet.

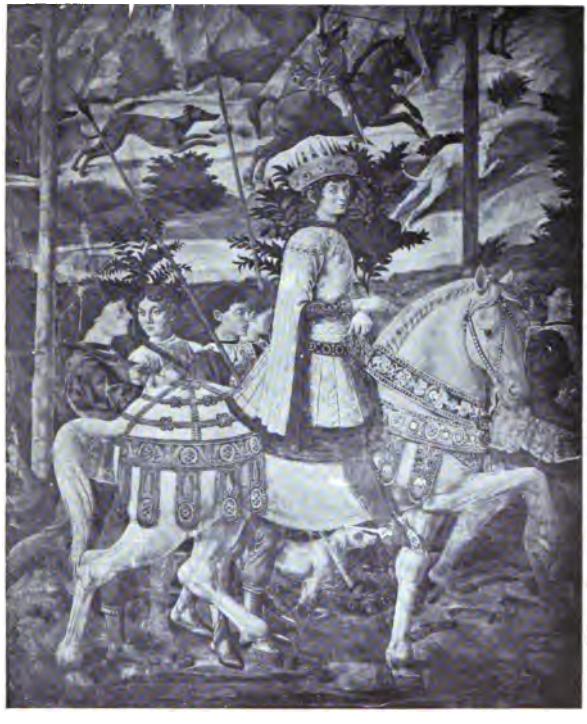
From my speaking of Paolo Veronese and Tiepolo in this connection you will doubtless infer, and rightly enough, that the Venetians knew the meaning and importance of values. They certainly knew how to maintain the relationship of tones, but the word value, coming from the French *valeur*, is of modern coinage. All the Venetians, particularly Carpaccio in landscape, show the happy handling of values, and before them the Florentines developed tone-relationship somewhat, notably Botticelli, but not in an entirely satisfactory way. The fourteenth-century painters, Giotto and his followers, were all weak in this feature, painting being then in an immature state as regards its technic, and value being not the first, but one of the last technical problems with which painting was to deal.

Before the Italians, so far as we know, values were little shown, though it is possible the Greeks may have possessed a knowledge of them. Egyptian painting, with its planeless, airless, shadowless pictures, is an excellent example of where they are entirely lacking. *After* the Italians the great master of values was Velasquez. I do not think that any painter, ancient or modern, ever surpassed him in giving the proper position of tones and shades, and in the placing of objects in atmosphere. The

Dutchmen thoroughly understood the importance of relationship, and have been usually spoken of as "strong" in values, especially Rembrandt, though it may be well to note that Rembrandt's strength is often forced and exaggerated strength. His adjustment of lights to darks is perhaps true, in a way, but the truth itself is so violent at times as to be almost a falsehood. Franz Hals, Steen, or Brouwer, seem to me more moderate exponents of the principle, though none of them possessed the great power of Rembrandt. After the decline of the Dutch and Flemish schools value as an art-means existed in a feeble way only, until the moderns, notably Corot, took up the subject anew, and Couture, Fromentin, and others wrote upon it under the name of "valeur." All of the Fontainebleau-Barbizon school comprehended its importance; Bastien-Lepage was a severe student of it; and at the present time there are many painters like Carolus-Duran, Besnard, Raffaelli, Sargent, Chase, Weir, who employ it in a masterful manner.

In common with other art-means, value has of late been emphasized too much, perhaps, and given undue prominence. Painting, like poetry, oscillates between extremes. At one time it is color that exercises the ingenuity of the schools, at another time line, at another textures and brush-work, and now it is value that sets the art world agog, and

makes bad blood between the so-called naturalist and the old-time conservative. The extremists at present are some of the impressionists, who evidently see nature as a series of patches pitched in different keys, and maintain that the properly intensified patch will represent the human figure, for instance, quite as well as academic modelling and drawing. This drawing by spots, areas, or patches of color, has its advantages which we need not sneer at, yet we may refrain from accepting it as the whole truth to the demoralization of all older beliefs. The pendulum must vibrate several times before it pauses on the mean line. A partial reaction from the patch of the impressionist to the firm drawing and modelling of the academician will take place, and eventually we shall have a compromise between the two which may produce the art of the true naturalist—that man who, like nature herself, is led into neither one extreme nor the other, but gives to all things their proper place, and blends all things into unity and harmony with that truth of design and nobility of execution which humanly approximate the work of the Great Designer of All.



XVI.—BENOZZO GOZZOLI, Adoration of Kings (detail).

LECTURE VI.

DRAWING AND COMPOSITION

THE dispute as to whether line is more important than color or color than line, has about it the flavor of age but little of the flavor of fair-mindedness. There are stout advocates on either side, but why there should be any question about supremacy when both means are necessary to art, is one of those interesting queries answerable only by considering the faculty for special pleading possessed by the human intellect.

Color gives the glow and brilliancy of nature; line its grace and grandeur. Richness and transparency, lustre and depth of hue, belong to painting; but the placing of a muscle, the hollowing of a depression, the rounding of a shoulder, the expression of a face, the movement of the body, these belong to drawing. There is no reason why art-means with such widely different aims should clash, and of themselves they do not. The clash is between their partisan advocates. It is the academy-trained classicist, skilled in drawing but unable to

handle color, who occupies one extreme position and maintains the superiority of line; and to counterbalance him we have on the other end of the see-saw the interesting impressionist, who oftentimes knows something of color but little of line, and who maintains the beauty of the former and the uselessness of the latter. The impressionist places a patch of color on the landscape and says to us that it is by color we know a cow from a sheep. True, but only a part of the truth. We know one from the other quite as much by dimension. From the point of our quick identification of objects in nature, the impressionist with his color is no nearer perfection than the classicist with his line—perhaps not so near—and in the one discarding drawing, and in the other slurring color, they both of them overlook features which are necessary and beautiful in art—doubly beautiful when brought together. *In medio tutissimus ibis.* In disputed questions it is not a bad plan to hold a middle course. Any one view of art is, at the best, little more than a matter of opinion; and we who are interested in it as spectators only, can ill afford to be purblind or half-sighted in view. Perhaps then we would do well to consider that color has its beauty, that line has *its* beauty, and that there is no ground for comparison between them as to which is the more beautiful. Each has an individual beauty to be judged by its

own merits, and both together make up a language of art without which the highest thought or feeling of the artist would remain unexpressed.

Drawing is the representation of lines, or their modifications, upon flat surface in such a way that the curves, the depressions, the elevations, the structures, in short the linear character of an object, are shown to us. It includes in its scope perspective, light-and-shade, and values, as some of the aids whereby it attains its end. For drawing in art does not mean a flat silhouette thrown upon a canvas; nor does line mean the hard edging about an enclosed space. The portions of an object, like the limbs of a tree, that come forward or recede in the background require perspective or foreshortening for their rendering; the relief of a muscle on the arm, the depression in the hollow of the eye require light-and-shade; and to give the thrust forward of one leg and the push backward of another leg requires a knowledge of values. Drawing, then, should give us more than the contour of objects; it should give us depth, bulk, weight, action, life. It has been called the "grammar of art," but it might more appropriately be named the literature of art, for its truthful exposition is one of the most difficult things of accomplishment, next to harmony of color, in the whole field of painting.

While I shall treat of that part of drawing which

relates to line only, I do not purpose to speak of the various rules of line laid down in text-books, for that is quite foreign to the object of these lectures. I assume that I am speaking to spectators, or at the best amateurs of art, not artists nor art-students. Again, I do not intend to detain you with accounts which, if you received, you would probably forget, of such technical methods as drawing with pen, pencil, charcoal, or brush. Matters of that kind belong to the class-room or studio, where language may be illustrated by casts, models, and drawings. For ourselves, with little exact knowledge of forms, which should make us cautious in criticism, and with only a general impression of the objects about us, we must find some simpler method of testing the truth or falsity of drawing than the academic model.

There are two general kinds of drawing, between which we need to discriminate at the start. Mr. Hamerton has called them the Classic and the Picturesque, though I should prefer the word Naturalistic for the latter style, meaning by that rather clumsy adjective the drawing which represents the natural appearance of objects. The Classic (1) deals with line for line's sake, and its advocates maintain that in its purity and simplicity, in its delicacy and flow, in its unity with variety and its variety without abruptness, lies the highest

beauty of art. Its chief subject is the human figure, and in representing this figure it does not pretend to absolute or special truth of natural effect. On the contrary, it would seem to claim that individual examples of nature are imperfect, and that the *acme* of perfection is arrived at only by uniting many individual perfections into one perfect whole called (and miscalled) the ideal. In no sense is it a deceptive imitation, nor, as I have said, does it aim at even a striking representation of nature. It does not reproduce a natural beauty; it creates a beauty of its own. All the clever brush feats whereby textures and surfaces are given, sunlight and shadow painted, and powerful relief or depression shown, are foreign to its purpose. The figure is oftener flat than relieved, the outline is too firm for nature, the flesh is not realistic flesh, nor the hair realistic hair, and as for the clothing it does not show the texture of cloth but is designedly drapery—a something to repeat or continue the curves or falls of line. In fact, pure classic drawing, as once practised by David (Fig. 14) and Ingres, and continued in a modified form by present-day academicians, has very little exact nature about it and a great deal of carefully considered, powerfully directed, and skilfully executed art. It is correctly associated in our minds with Greek and Roman art, the remains of which some

of the Italian masters, and the draughtsmen of the school of David, emulated and sought to reproduce. It does not give us nature, but it certainly gives us a dignified and graceful quality of art, noble in theme and perhaps ideal in aspiration. It may be lacking in contemporary human interest, in spontaneity, and in those personal qualities so much sought for in art to-day; yet for its lofty aim, its purity, and the skill required in its execution, it should be ranked as high art, and treated, even by the realists, with consideration.

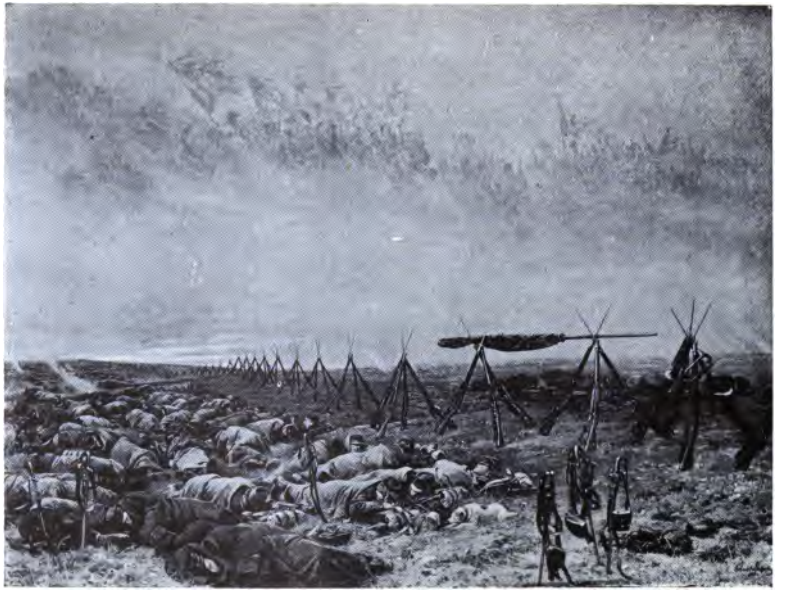
But we should beware of classic drawing out of its proper sphere. It is abstract and creative, not in any modern sense real or imitative. When, therefore, the two kinds of drawing, classic and naturalistic, meet on the same canvas, there is a clash. The graceful classic figure with its accented outlines introduced amid natural surroundings creates discord at once. For nature does not show those accented outlines. The objects in a room, for instance, hold place by virtue of relation and harmony. A nude human figure in that room becomes a part of the whole. Its outline fades into an edge, faint and tremulous with light and air; the protrusions and recessions of the body show light-and-shade; the flesh becomes a well-marked texture; breath, palpitation, movement, life, are its endowments. Treat this figure after the classic for-

mula, and hardness, flatness, stiffness, death, is the immediate result. Beauty of line counts for naught, because out of place and inappropriate. This would be equally true in the case of a landscape. In nature all things have their relation one to another. Objects are placed *in* air, not *against* it. The hard outline and the flat silhouette do not exist. The trunk of a tree is round, its apparent edges are not its deepest color-notes, and moreover, its surface is slightly wavered or blurred by atmosphere. A leaf of a tree is not the flat affair we find pressed between the pages of the family Bible, but is a waving, dancing spirit, receiving and reflecting light and shade, and is oftenest seen as a blur or *tache* of green. A house has its lines and edges, yet they are not straight nor strong, but are affected by direct and reflected light, by shadow, and by atmosphere again.

In Naturalistic drawing (2), then, as distinguished from classic drawing, we would do well to beware of, first, the academic, or the hard line; and, secondly, we would do well to consider the old master's maxim that "the whole is more important than the part." The small things must be disregarded for the great truths. The most important thing about a tree is its depth, volume, roundness, mass, and to get this impressive truth emphasis of stem-drawing and leaf-drawing should not be

given. A thousand stems and leaves do not make a tree any more than a mass of words makes a book. The life principle lies deeper, and the portrayal of this is certainly of more importance than the emphasized drawing of the infinitesimal parts. Objects should be conceived in their entirety, and so drawn that there is a unity, a gathering of all parts into one complete whole (Fig. 1). The putting together of arms and legs, piece by piece, as a child builds a block-house, will only result in a manikin, even though it be done with the accuracy of a David and the finish of a Denner. The isolated details of form remain simply isolated details. They may be classically beautiful, and yet beautifully dead.

In representing nature, vitality counts for more than accuracy. Delacroix was not a correct draughtsman, from a classic point of view. He sometimes twisted heads as no ordinary muscles could twist them, he occasionally broke legs and arms, and he painted abnormally large feet and hands; but he seldom failed to impress his beholders with the great truth and power of life. Michael Angelo was another dislocator of joints on occasion, and many an artist since his time has slurred hands and feet to give the feeling of form, the harmony of the whole. But in the case of such men the slur is intentional. Truth of detail



XVII.—DETAILLE, The Dream.

is purposely sacrificed to truth of mass. For where line in classic drawing is generally attained at the expense of life, life in naturalistic drawing is oftentimes attained at the expense of line. We should bear in mind, then, that in classic drawing we are to look for accuracy of proportions and beauty of line; but in naturalistic drawing we are to look, first, for the appearance of life. In pictures which aim at natural effects, the first questions we should ask ourselves are not, "Is that wrist-bone drawn correctly?" "Is that chimney on straight?" but rather, "Does that look like a human being?" "Does that look like a house?" And this brings me to another, and the most important, feature of objects in nature as we see them and as they should be portrayed upon canvas.

The chief purpose of naturalistic drawing is to give the *character* of objects, and if we are strongly impressed with that character at once, then the purpose of the drawing has been accomplished whether the lines be quite true or not. Troyon could not draw a cow as correctly as Brascassat, but the difference between the two men is that Troyon really shows us a cow and cow-nature, while Brascassat gives us an exterior of a cow, or a cow-skin. It would seem to be immaterial to us which one of the artists places the muscles in the quarters the most accurately, for the object of the drawing is not

to show us cow-anatomy but cow-life. The early nudes of Millet do not compare in accuracy and delicacy of drawing with those of Bouguereau, but again one gives us the vivid impression of human nature, robust strength, and vigor of limb; while the other, faultily faultless, icily regular, accurate to an exasperating degree, gives us but the epidermis of humanity, a beautiful shell, a something pleasing without but empty and lifeless within. Diderot tells us of a young figure-painter who, before beginning to draw, always knelt down and prayed to be delivered from his model. It is not the literal facts, the mere exterior appearance, but the characteristic nature of an object that counts. In the presence of a picture of quarried building stones of what use to ask ourselves whether the seams and veins and edges be drawn correctly! The essence of a rough granite block is its solid bulk and mass, and we should ask ourselves: "How much does it weigh?" If we can feel that the stone has thickness and weight to it, as for instance in Mr. Chase's little picture of stone in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, then its chief characteristic has been given and the drawing is good.

In such cases accuracy is sacrificed to what may be called the essence, the individuality of things. There is in Venice a statue of General Coleoni on horseback, which I venture to think one of the

finest bronzes in Europe; yet judged by absolute truth of line both horse and man are extravagant creations. No horse ever had such proportions, no man quite such a figure; but stand back and look at the push and power, the defiant spirit, the intense character of man and horse which are given, and you will begin to think there was a method in the distorted modelling of Verocchio. So again when Delacroix and Barye draw the tiger it is not anatomy, muscle, bone, and sinew that they strive to show; but the snarling, crouching, treacherous mass of energy which makes up the character of the tiger. Were it a hyena they would give it a sneaking apprehensive look, a bunched appearance in the fore-quarters, and a swinging shuffling tread; were it a deer the character would be that of shyness with slimness of form and a springy elastic step. The individuality of objects, if I may so speak, is the first thing that impresses us in nature and it should be the first thing to attract our attention in art. The drawing of an athlete, who we feel sure is six feet high with a proportionate breadth, and yet does not look to weigh more than ten pounds; the outlining of a stone building, which we feel certain is not more than an inch thick and is not of stone but of card-board covered with muddy paint; the delineation of a parrot on a perch, which we know to be light and fluffy in

plumage yet is painted to look like a piece of porcelain, all this may furnish us with graceful enough line, but it does not give us the *character* of these objects which, I have attempted to maintain, is the aim of the naturalistic draughtsman.

It may possibly occur to some of you that instead of setting forth such beauties as line may possess, I am trying the best I know how to demonstrate that art can get along without it. Such is certainly not my intention. Instead of wishing to abolish line I am simply striving to show that in nature it is not rigid and immovable as we find it in classic drawing, but elastic and changeable; that it is not a cold petrified fact, but a fleeting impression full of life and movement, or at the least having the passive power of being moved. The granite block has no active life, but its lines are being continually changed by light and shade and air. The human figure while being acted upon by like influences has the power of action inherent in itself. The swinging arm of the wood-chopper does not pause in air to let the artist draw it; it moves on, and, as Véron has well said, some of that movement which has gone before and some of that which is to follow should be given. There must be the suggestion of motion by an elasticity of line else the man is dead, frozen stiff with his axe upraised above his head. Were the human eye like a photographic camera we

might catch the momentary poise of the woodman's axe and see it rigidly upheld; but the best proof that the human eye does not receive such quick impressions is the recent and rather startling revelation of the instantaneous camera concerning the motions of the galloping horse. The camera tells us of awkward steps, bunched positions and sprawling legs, but our eyes tell us of a graceful elongated body, extending legs and neck, in short the rush of a speeding, flying animal. And this is because the retina of the eye always retains, for a short space of time, the image of the vanished object. It is by the retained image that we see an apparent ring of fire when one whirls a torch, with one end of it in a glow of coals, rapidly around the head; and it is by the same momentary retention of objects on the retina that the juggler astonishes us with his sleight-of-hand, his hand travelling faster than the sight of our eyes. Some years ago there was shown in New York a picture by a well-known painter representing a Western prairie-fire, with several emigrant wagons fleeing before it. The situation of the emigrants was perilous in the extreme, for in addition to the fast-approaching flames the wagon wheels appeared not to turn on their axles. The painter had painted every spoke in the wheels to be counted! The next time you see a carriage on the street in rapid motion, notice how

many of the spokes you can count, or even see except as a whirl and a blur of confused light and color.

Without considering the *apparent* truth of this distorted lengthened blurred look of objects in motion, without considering the difference between things as they actually are and as they *appear*, people have at times unjustly condemned pictures of high merit. They have, for instance, found fault with the flying figures of William Blake because the legs and feet were too long, but they never found fault with them because they did not *fly*. In the same way they have criticised the drawings of Delacroix's tigers, Fromentin's horses, Michael Angelo's figures, and Millet's peasants, but they have not criticised the sense of motion, life, and power which these men have given. It is just this sense and feeling of life, this appearance of reality, that the modern draughtsman endeavors to portray; and if he give us the essence, the *character* of objects, we need not cavil over his lines, be they apparently right or academically wrong.

It is unnecessary that I should multiply illustration by following up this idea in landscapes, *genre* paintings, and marines. Trees and flowers and waves all have lines capable of being moved and swayed; and even the scarred and broken cliffs and the steadfast mountains may change with the pass-

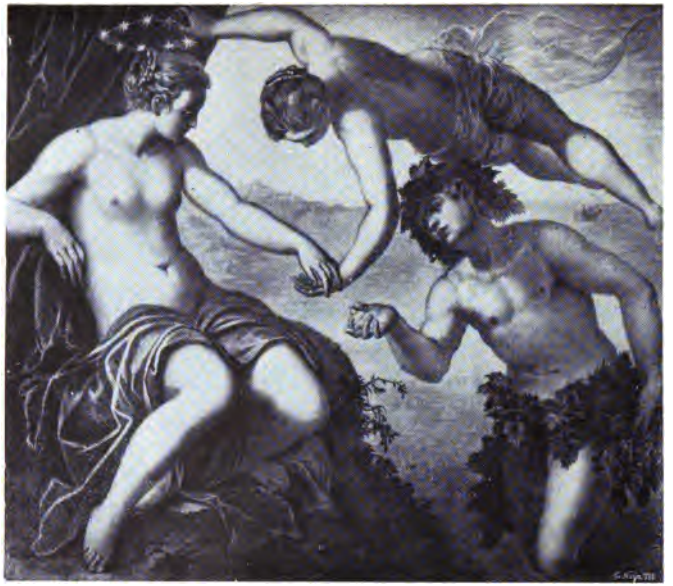
ing of a cloud over the face of the sun. Nature, instead of being but one thing and having but one form, has many shapes, many lights, many hues. She shifts with each new breeze and changes with each new sunbeam. The painter must catch the passing look, and suit his hues to nature's momentary mood. To portray landscape rigid and immovable is to portray, not the living, but the dead world.

There are so many methods of drawing and forms of line used in painting to-day that it would be almost impossible for me to describe them, even had I reason to believe that you would be interested in hearing about them. Of the more common forms of line and their uses, such as the straight line, the curved line, the broken line, the angle line, I shall have something to say in speaking of composition; but I may say here that no formula of drawing, such as we often have laid down to us in art text-books, can be accounted of much importance except as productive of evil. Generally speaking, rules in art are evils for no other reason than that they are rules. They restrict the artist's powers, they stifle spontaneity, they burden the spirit of creation, which should be free of petty restraints. To be bound by the traditions and received laws of our forefathers fits us to do and be no better than those who have gone before; and it is the at-

tempted enforcement of old laws upon new peoples that continually breeds political, social, literary, and artistic revolutions.

It may be said, however, that in that modern art which is not on its face eccentric or experimental, the kind of line used is governed in a general way by two considerations: First, by the nature of the object drawn; and secondly, by the nature of the artist drawing. A crystal vase possessed of great fineness of texture naturally requires fineness of line; whereas a coarse earthen jug requires a rougher, broader treatment. The drawing of a building is generally marked by firm lines, especially if seen close to view; but the drawing of floating clouds needs faint touches and sketchy lines of great delicacy to give their fleecy nature. Again, the drawing of a rough stone wall may need harsh broken lines; while the drawing of a mass of foliage may call for blurred and indefinite lines. The lines of a sea-wave should conform to its undulatory motion, those of a brazen shield to its light-reflecting qualities, and those of a bear-skin rug to its hairy texture. In a similar manner certain objects require upright lines, others flat or diagonal lines, and others again need circular waving flowing lines, as I shall attempt to show hereafter.

In working with a paint-brush the nature of the object almost always dictates the manner of its



XVIII.—TINTORETTO, Marriage of Ariadne and Bacchus.

treatment. The human figure requires some recognition of outline, and a working from the edge in toward the centre, or *vice versa.* In landscape line work throughout is almost impossible, and the modern painter draws largely by areas. A tree, for instance, is not edged or outlined but brushed in from the middle and worked outward until the proportions of the area are attained. Again, there may be a drawing by patches of light or dark, a glittering lake and a bright patch of sky holding certain spaces of light in a landscape as distinguished from a mass of rain-clouds and a belt of deep shadow holding certain spaces of dark (Figs. 2 and 5). And still again there may be a drawing by patches of color, characteristic of the impressionists; a drawing by spots or isolated glitters of light, characteristic of the modern Spaniards; and a drawing by patches of black, characteristic of Goya and his followers.

But while the nature of an object has much to do with the manner of line-treatment it receives, perhaps a greater emphasis should be laid upon the second consideration, that both the object and its lines are greatly influenced by the nature—the mental, emotional, and artistic make-up—of the artist. Individual treatment has become in these modern times, more than ever before, the distinguishing mark of genius. Not that every original

way is indicative of genius by any means, but rather that every genius has an original method of setting forth his view. This we may see in the great painters of all times by comparing their different treatments of one given subject, the human form, for instance. Michael Angelo handled it with swift vigorous lines, giving muscular power, luxuriant strength, the grace of grandeur; Raphael handled it firmly, yet delicately, imparting, especially to his women, a charm of manner and a superb rhythm of movement; Correggio suffused the lines of his figures with shadow-gradations and atmosphere, giving an effect of warm physical life and purely sensuous beauty; Titian made those lines bend with easy strength and throb with living color. So again in landscape Rousseau saw a tree as a solid bulk of arms and foliage; Daubigny saw it more delicately, saw it in motion, light, airy, luminous; Claude Monet, the luminarist, sees it sometimes as a patch of pale greenish-blue casting violet shadows. It is thus that every painter, be he ancient or modern master, has his peculiar way of seeing and working, and as a result of his individuality we have what is called his style.

A draughtsman's style—we often hear of the style of Leonardo, or Raphael, or Dürer, or some other artist—is nothing more than his characteristic way of setting forth his own view. It is the human,

the subjective element, thrusting itself forward and influencing the observation and the portrayal of nature. It is impossible for any artist, howsoever pronounced a realist he may be, to make a mechanical machine of his eyes and fingers. He cannot receive and record like a photographic camera, because he has not the dispassionate unreasoning inorganic nature of the camera. He must see with his eyes, think with his brain, and work with his fingers; strive as he may, he cannot escape the peculiarities which nature has imparted to those individual members. In their way every man's brain and eye are biassed as compared with another man's brain and eye; and every man's hand moves differently from that of another. A dozen men of equal talent, if set to draw one object before them, would produce a dozen likenesses, no two of which would be quite the same. It is this individuality of mind, eye, and hand, all of which go to form a style, that gives to Leonardo's work its grace and mystic charm; that gives to the work of Tintoretto its fierceness, and fire; that gives to Bellini and Carpaccio earnestness and honesty, and to Velasquez dignity and easy strength. On the contrary, it is the very lack of individuality—the lack of original view and treatment—that renders the work of Carlo Dolci insipid, the Caracci exaggerated, Lebrun theatrical, and Bouguereau utterly empty.

We may say, then, in so many words that style is the man—the expression of the human element in art—and while there are some painters who show themselves in subject, and some in brush work, there are others, like the Florentines of the Renaissance and the classicists of the French Empire, whose individualities were none the less forcibly revealed in flow of line and strength of modelling.

There is a myth going about the world to the effect that drawing first became known by a Greek girl seeing the shadow of her lover on the wall and outlining it with charcoal. It is rather a pretty conceit, but the cave-dweller of the Stone Age knew drawing before walls were built or Greek girls had lovers, as we may see by an examination of prehistoric remains. All of the ancient nations of the world practised it somewhat, but with no great success. The Greeks were the first to become accomplished draughtsmen, and the Romans borrowed the most of what they knew of it from them. The early Christians soon distorted and then wrecked art by imposing ecclesiastical conventionalities upon it; and it was not until the thirteenth century that drawing again began to rise. In the fifteenth century Masaccio, Ghirlandajo, Signorelli, Mantegna, in Italy, and in the North, Van Eyck and Memling, gave it power, dignity, and precision, but not the full complement of

elegance or grace. The sixteenth century was reserved as the great period of draughtsmen, revealing as it did Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolommeo, Correggio, Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Dürer, Holbein. It combined power, grace, rhythm, motion, life, all things, and is the one epoch of splendor in painting that has never been surpassed.

The Florentines and Romans were the greatest in pure line, the Venetians being perhaps more remarkable for painting than drawing, though not by any means inferior draughtsmen. Painters more than draughtsmen is the word that may be applied to Velasquez, Rubens, and Rembrandt, without again undervaluing their knowledge of line. At the beginning of this century the restored classic held sway in France under David, and at the end of the first quarter of the century Géricault and Delacroix began the movement against it and in favor of naturalistic drawing which is known in art-history as Romanticism. At the present time some few traces of the conflict remain, but generally speaking, the modern painter amalgamates Classicism and Romanticism, and produces what may be called a Naturalism for lack of a better word. Some of the draughtsmen who show early classic or academic training in their work are still alive, or have but recently died, and their work is to-day unrivalled

in its way. They are men like Paul Baudry, Cabanel, Lefebvre, Gérôme, whose names have become almost household words with us.

. . . . . .

Composition. We may define composition as the putting together of the elements of a picture. It is not strictly a matter of arranging lines alone, but includes in its scope perspective, color, values, and light-and-shade; for these form a part of that perfect arrangement which a good picture requires. Indeed, composition of a certain sort may be effected almost without line, by the massing of light and shade as exemplified in some of the pictures of Rembrandt (Fig. 5) and his school; and also by the massing of colors and lights as shown in the work of Monticelli, Monet, Pissaro, and others. It is not my intention, however, to speak of these forms of composition just now. It is better perhaps, for simplicity's sake, that we confine ourselves as closely as possible to line composition.

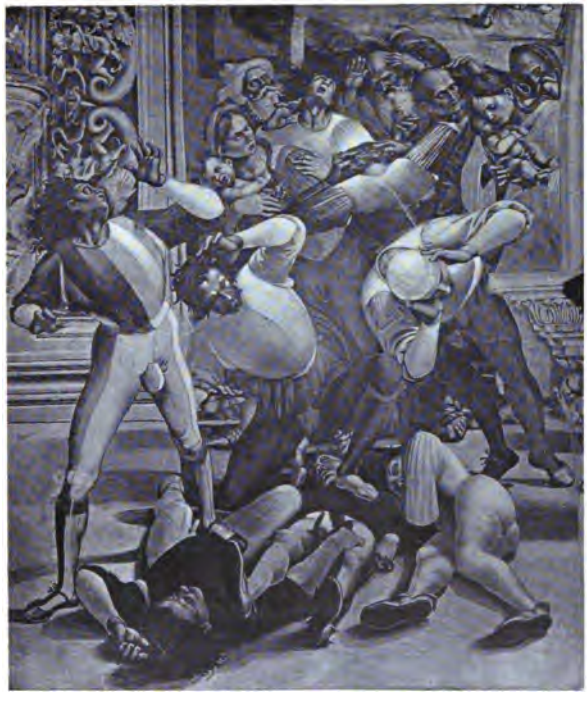
To begin with, I wish to call attention at once to the first and the most important requisite of composition, namely, unity. An object in a picture is very much like a note in a bar of music; its value does not come from its individual consideration, though it may be perfect in itself, but rather from its relation

to other objects. The wheel of a machine, the block of a building, the petal of a flower are of little consequence in themselves, but as factors in making up a complete whole they have a certain relative value. The figure in the room, of which I spoke some time ago, is as much a part of the room as the chairs, the rugs, and the wall-papers. Comparatively, the same light strikes the one as the others, and the same air surrounds them all. Give the figure an undue amount of light or dark, and it becomes false in value and out of place; give it too high or too low a coloring, and it is out of place; give it too much perspective or exaggerated strength of line, and again it is out of place. That which gives all the objects in the room their proper positions and relations is the similarity of the conditions under which they are seen; and should an artist attempt to paint the figure in the room without regarding the surroundings, a false-valued, disconnected, and (inferentially) badly-composed picture would be the result.

Isolated objects cannot be huddled into a pictorial composition, as people are sometimes hurried into matrimony, with the idea that, though they do not care for each other at first, they will become more congenial by association. Matrimonial compositions of this sort may possibly result in an affinity by mutual concessions; but in pictorial com-

positions the ill-matched figure concedes nothing. He stands aloof and uncompromising. He is an eagle in a crow's nest or a crow in an eagle's nest, as the case may be, and is sadly out of place. Objects need not be of a kind, nor of a color; but in naturalistic painting, whatever their kind or coloring, if seen together it must be under like conditions of light, and shade, and atmosphere. "A work should be all of a piece, and people and things should be there for an end," says Millet; and in order that they be painted "all of a piece," they should be so seen and conceived by the painter. The scene must be first regarded from a comprehensive point of view and the question asked: "What is the appearance of the whole?" not "What are the details of a part?" Some of the academicians, David, Ingres, Lethière, and even Bouguereau, Cabanel, and Gérôme, have seen fit in certain of their pictures to exaggerate strength of line, and thus give only separate figures where there should be a uniform group; but disregard of unity, though it may be atoned for by a beauty of line, can hardly be set down as a virtue even in academic composition.

As an aid to unity in composition may be mentioned, first, simplicity. It undoubtedly displays a great deal of skill to compose a many-figured, many-lined picture like Raphael's School of Athens,



XIX.—SIGNORELLI, The Curse (detail from Last Judgment).

and the art of the artist should not be overlooked; but so complicated a composition is not readily understood by the mind, nor grasped as a unit by the eye. As far as the meaning of a picture is concerned, it should be intelligible almost at a glance and as a whole. The unravelling of its meaning by examining first one part, and then another part, and finally drawing a conclusion from the sum of information received, can hardly be called effective pictorial work. Moreover, there is, or should be, an epigrammatic smack about all great truths. To tell them simply is a mark of greatness in itself. None knew this better than the old masters. The "Musicians" by Giorgione, the "Frari Madonna" by Bellini, some of the pictures by Piero della Francesca, and all of the pictures by Velasquez, are so many cases in point. It requires the audacity of genius to place people around a table and paint them all bolt upright quietly looking out of the canvas, yet this is what Rembrandt did in his "Syndics of the Cloth Hall" at Amsterdam; it requires genius again to paint portraits with a few perpendicular lines, head erect and eye alert, yet this is what Mantegna and Antonello da Messina did. Simple, unaffected, natural at times to stiffness, the pictures of these men come to us to-day with a directness that argues greatness; and for that directness we are sometimes indebted to another

aid to unity in composition, namely, effective concentration.

The statement was ventured, in speaking of light-and-shade, that in almost every well-composed picture there is a point of high light, or of high color, from which there is a gradation to lesser lights and colors. Now, there is also a chief object or objects which bear relation to the inferior objects in the same ratio as the lights to the shades. And there is also one point of sight and one horizon line toward which the lines which make up the focus of the eye bear a relation or are meant to converge. All of these art-means in composition should work together for the purpose of bringing before the eye, directly and simply, one view, one idea, one picture. There cannot be (that is, arguing from the master-pieces of past art), in an effectively-composed picture, two views or two ideas, any more than in the play or novel there can be two heroes. Hamlet is pre-eminent and brooks no rival. He is the apex of the pyramid, and all the scenery, coloring, and people of the play are but the bases upon which he stands. Painting is not unlike the drama in this respect. The attention of the eye is caught by the converging lines, lights, and colors, and is directed toward one point of interest. It could not very well be caught and directed toward *two* points of interest. To be sure,

Raphael, in his celebrated picture of the "Transfiguration," gives us an example of the violation of this generally accepted law of composition. The group of people at the bottom is separately put together and separately lighted; it has one point of sight and one leading object. The group at the top forms another picture, with its own sight-point and light again (Fig. 9). But the result is not a successful piece of composition, even though Raphael himself composed it. The "Transfiguration" is not one united picture, but two pictures upon one canvas. The "Marriage in Cana," by Paolo Veronese, is another example of a double picture; and in not a few of the Bolognese pictures, representing angels in the clouds and kneeling saints upon the earth below them, there is a like disregard of the one point of sight and the united group. But the consensus of art-opinion has always been against these pictures in their composition, however much it may have conceded to them in other features.

In modern times, since the monumental canvas and the historical fresco have been largely abandoned in favor of small easel pictures, less attention is paid to concentration, especially by the young men, than perhaps there should be. Many of the *genre* painters devote themselves to the realization of the infinitely little in any and all parts

of their pictures, anticipating, rightly enough, that Fashion will visit the gallery, glass in hand, to examine shoe-buckles and point-lace, regardless of points of sight, sky-lines, and picture planes. Nevertheless, and in spite of the Meissonier imitators, who do that really strong technician small honor, there is a well-grounded reasonable requirement underlying the making of pictures which calls for the relation if not the concentration of lines, lights, and colors; and I repeat, the object of this is little more than singleness of effect, oneness of appearance. Unity, I take it, is an essential of composition, for though there is a beauty in method, a something to be admired about the flow or fall of lines, yet this is secondary to the main purpose, which is to convey the scene as a whole. If composition does not somehow aid conception by a forcible presentation of certain objects, lights, and colors, then it has failed in what is generally considered its chief requirement.

The subject treated and the individuality of the artist usually dictate the kind of arrangement to be used, as we have noted was the case in drawing. There is, of course, some conventionality about the commoner and older forms of line, and some generally accepted truths which may be mentioned. The perpendicular line is usually conceded to be one of dignity, severity, or even majesty, and is often em-

ployed in portraits, groups of figures, interiors, and architectural pieces. Some of the finest portraits in the whole realm of art are those by the Italians where the sitter is painted in an erect position, with the lines of the clothing simple, severe, and even hard (Fig. 15). The early Italian portraits in the Uffizzi at Florence, Palma's "St. Barbara" in Venice, Benozzo Gozzoli's "Journey of the Magi" (Fig. 16), and Regnault's "Execution" in the Louvre at Paris, will serve as illustrations of this line in painting; and if you would see its effect in sculpture, look sometime when you are in Florence, at the fine marble of "St. George" by Donatello, or the modern bronze of "Jeanne d'Arc" by Fremiet, in Paris.

The horizontal line is one of repose, or perhaps of solemnity. An outstretched landscape with its horizon and low sky-line, the tops of rows of trees and fences, the low marshes, the sea-shore, or the distant lines of the sea itself, all show it. Aside from the modern employment of it in landscape, military scenes (Fig. 17), and marines, the old Venetian masters used it for reclining figures; it was known to the Egyptians and Assyrians—in fact it was about the only style of composition they did know, as the processional scenes on the walls of the tombs and temples show to this day; it was also used by the Greeks both in sculpture and in paint-

ing; and a rather unique use was recently made of it in a long, slim picture now in the Amsterdam Museum, by Jan van Beers the Belgian, called the "Burial of Charles the Good," in which there is a marching funeral-train of monks and knights in chain armor.

The flowing or waving line has usually been known to us under the rather sweeping appellation of the line of beauty, by which is doubtless meant the line of grace. It is especially adapted to the human figure (Fig. 18), though it may belong to animals and even to landscapes, where hill-tops, sky-lines, and cloud effects are used. The broken or abrupt line is generally supposed to be one of action and power. Signorelli (Fig. 19) and Michael Angelo used it with great results in giving hurried movement to the human form; many artists have employed it in battle-pieces (Fig. 17, in the sky); and some again, like Delacroix and Barye, have used it in the drawing of animals in combat. The diagonal line seems especially well fitted for perspective effects, such as a roadway with trees and a wall or fence running along one side of it (Fig. 7); it is used in sky-line drawings where the hills or mountains or trees cut off part of the view (Fig. 20); and Rubens, Signorelli, and others have made application of it in giving the rush or fall of figures (Fig. 19). There are some other forms of line em-

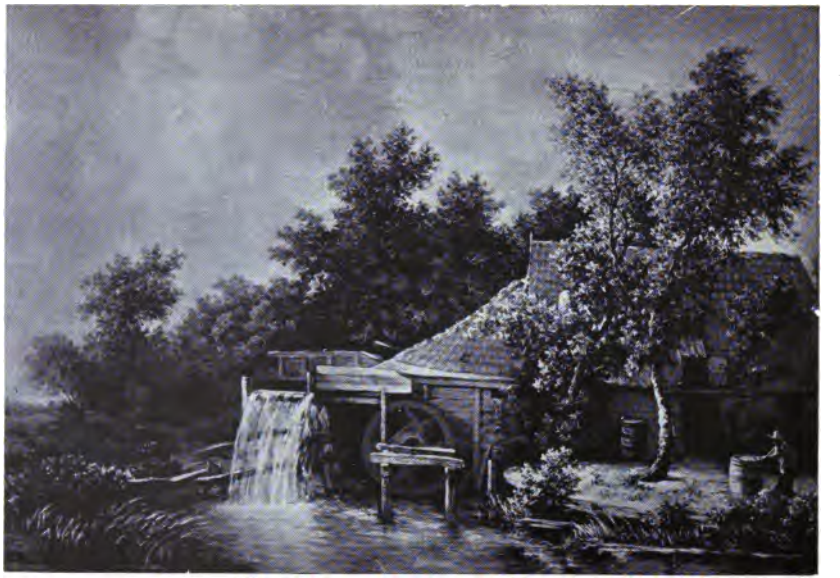
ployed for different purposes by different painters, but as they are generally arbitrary with the individual, it is perhaps unnecessary to speak of them.

There are a number of studio teachings and formulas of line in composition which have a vogue among artists, and doubtless have good reason for existence, though to an amateur many of them seem rather arbitrary. Thus there is a law of repetition which calls for the paralleling of one line by another, as for instance, the line of the figure being repeated by the lines of the dress or the sofa upon which the figure is lying; or the lines of a ship's mast being repeated in other distant ships' masts. Oftentimes the repetition strengthens the main line (Figs. 18 and 21), and that is of course the ostensible reason for its use. There is another law which seems to require that no flowing line shall complete its course without being broken by an angle—for contrast, it is said, though why it is beautiful or agreeable any more than the contrast of a snowstorm in June is not told us. Then there is a law of continuity which requires that the line of an object, though broken, must be taken up and continued farther on by another object; a law of curvature which makes certain objects in a picture the catch-points of curved lines (Fig. 21); and innumerable laws of interchange, radiation, and harmony laid down by Mr. Ruskin and others, all of which

have their uses, but none of which can be regarded as the one and only way of composing a picture.

Perhaps the most reasonable of all the laws of composition is the oldest of them, the law of special prominence, which requires the predominance of one or more leading objects at the expense of all the other objects in the picture. As I have already intimated, the superior importance of one object in a group aids the eye in finding the centre of interest. The principal object draws the sight through the subordination of the other objects, just as some bright star in the heavens attracts attention through the dimness of its surrounding constellation. In the old Egyptian paintings this law of special prominence was enforced by giving exaggerated dimensions to the chief figure, because the Egyptians did not know the resources of high light and high color. The battle-pieces upon the walls of the palaces, where the king in his chariot is shown to be several times the size of his enemies or his own soldiers, are examples of it.

This law was also enforced in the pedimental sculptures of Greece, and in early Italian painting, but in the latter it was not quite the Egyptian method which was followed. The Italians did not (except at the start) enlarge the principal figure, but elevated it above the other figures, as instanced in the countless pictures of the Madonna Enthroned.



XX.—HOBBEMA, The Water Wheel.

The madonna was raised toward the apex of a pyramid and surrounded with arabesques or architectural columns, and at the base of the pyramid on either side were placed kneeling or standing saints, one group balancing the other. This style of composition, known as the symmetrical style, of which almost all the early crucifixions are examples, is well shown in the work of Cimabue and his followers, and later in the paintings of Filippo Lippi, Mantegna, Bellini, even Correggio (Fig. 22), and others. It was well fitted to the religious nature of their subjects, its lines being simple and dignified, and perhaps it originated in a wish to picture the Madonna or the Christ in an exalted position, corresponding to Biblical description or tradition. Art was not then at its highest pitch, but when the Renaissance was fully inaugurated this symmetrical style of composition changed somewhat, though the law of prominence was not laid aside. Instead of having two saints on one side of the picture to complement two bishops on the other side, or something of that nature, the equilibrium was maintained by irregular groups, as may be seen in Raphael's "School of Athens," Andrea del Sarto's "Birth of the Virgin," Botticelli's "Calumny" (Fig. 23), and the large figure pieces of the Venetians. It was a balance not by numbers but by masses or groups, and as it allowed some latitude to the artist, it

superseded to some extent without entirely doing away with the previous style.

As the study of composition advanced the styles of arrangement fitted to different subjects were increased. Thus there was an oval composition wherein the lines of the figures or the draperies made the circle of the canvas, as shown in Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia," Solario's "Madonna of the Green Cushion," and Botticelli's "Madonna and Angels" in the Uffizi (Fig. 21). There was also an arch composition, as shown in Andrea del Sarto's "Madonna of the Sack," in Florence, in Correggio's "Coronation of the Virgin," at Parma, in Francia's "Pietà," National Gallery, London (Fig. 24), and in Fra Bartolommeo's "Descent from the Cross," in the Pitti. In the "Sistine Madonna" there appears to be a diamond-shaped composition, the Madonna and Child forming the upper acute angle of the diamond, Pope Sixtus and St. Barbara the wide part, and the two cherubs below the lower acute angle. Rubens, in one of his kermess pictures, has a circular composition in the shape of a band of peasants with hands clasped, forming a large ring; and Raphael's "Punishment of the Sorcerer" has a similar arrangement. Some painters again employed a concave arrangement, wherein the lines began with the figures at the side and circled in toward the middle-distance; other paint-

ers reversed this style and produced the convex, wherein the figures began in the middle and bent around and back toward the distant sides.

In landscape the composition-schemes have been still more numerous, and the arrangements of sky-lines, hill-lines, and tree-lines many. Some painters, like Cuyp, Van Goyen, and Hobbema, have drawn a diagonal line from one corner of the canvas to the other, using one triangle for mountains, buildings, trees, or something that would produce dark, and the other triangle for sky or something that would produce light (Fig. 20). Other painters, like Claude and Turner, have used a sky-line resembling an open letter V cut out of the top of the canvas, the bottom of the letter corresponding to the point of sight, and the diagonal sides the converging lines of buildings, trees, or mountains (Fig. 7). Other artists, like Rousseau, Daubigny, Cazin, have used the undulatory and the straight line running across the centre of the canvas, broken here and there by trees, or buildings, or mountains again.

In modern composition the styles are so many and so defiant of law or formula, that it would be quite useless to attempt their description. Almost all of them, however, are modifications of the earlier styles, or in some way lean upon the old-established principles of prominence and concentration—the results of modern Impressionism always excepted. The

Egyptian with his enlarged figure, and the early Italian with his elevated Madonna, find their parallel in the modern painter with his highly-lighted or highly-colored figure. "Diana Surprised," the masterpiece of that academic draughtsman, Jules Lefebvre, is a good example of the old pyramidal style of composition with modern improvements. Diana stands central in the picture, supported by her nymphs on either side, whom she not only towers above in height, but outshines in light and color.

There is still an open field for originality in composition, and many seek it; but unfortunately most of the discoveries are only novelties of fashion, or revolts against all method, possessed of few abiding truths. Still even these are entitled to respectful consideration, if not always acceptance. It would be absurd to attempt the binding of art to certain forms or styles of composition. As well try to limit the expression of poetry to certain metres and stanzas. The choice of arrangement is a part of the individual genius of the artist, valuable for its very individuality, and the attempt to confine it within prescribed limits could only result in the destruction of the art-spirit by mechanical repetition. It is with composition as with drawing; any unyielding rule is a curse instead of a blessing. For nature scorns all rules and genius binds itself only

by its own. There are certain large principles which in a general way may be adhered to in composition, such as unity, concentration and prominence, which I have endeavored to emphasize; but the application of these principles is a part of art itself for which we cannot make absolute rules and may judge only by results.

LECTURE VII.

TEXTURES, SURFACES, AND BRUSH WORK

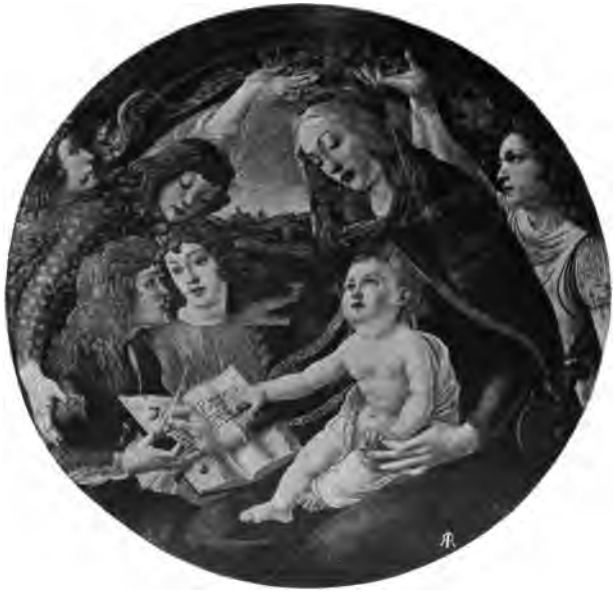
I HAVE reserved for this last lecture some considerations upon the skill of the artist as shown in the handling of the brush; and I wish to call your attention, first, to the necessity for that skill in the rendering of textures and surfaces.

It has already been stated that there were two features of objects whereby we could determine their physical nature, aside from their association with other objects; their form and their coloring. There is still a third, their surface appearance or texture. The first of these three features is generally the one that possesses the most meaning to our American eyes. Possibly this is for a reason, already noted, that the English-speaking nations have been educated upon line more than upon color or light. There is with them a severity at the expense of the sensuous, which makes more of form than either or any of the other features. While, therefore, our training has in a way made us quick enough to grasp colored line-suggestions in art, it has likewise made

us slow to grasp colored light-suggestions or textures. An oblong square of mixed colors lying upon the floor in front of a lounge assures us at once that the painter of it meant to portray perhaps a Turkish rug. It may be as hard as granite, as thin as sheet-iron, and as smooth as glass, but somehow we do not seem to mind that. The artist intended it for a rug, and we, by laying hold of line and color only, easily cajole our imagination into thinking that it is one. But now, what is the strong feature of a rug? Line? No more than it is the strong feature of a heap of leaves. Color? Yes, somewhat, though a rug may be colorless and still be a rug. What then is its striking peculiarity, unless it be its surface appearance? The uneven distribution, absorption, or reflection of light is the chief cause of its textural appearance, and by its texture we are able to distinguish it from a piece of matting, a piece of oil-cloth, or a piece of tin. The fabric is loosely woven, shaggy, heavy, has a moss-like softness about it, and is, in fact, as far removed as possible from hardness, thinness, or smoothness; yet our supposed painter, while emphasizing its line and suggesting its color, fails to render those qualities of its texture which may be said to make its character.

"We ought to commend that strength of vivid expression which is necessary to convey in its full force the highest sense of the most complete effect

of art," says Sir Joshua. Surely the truthful rendering of the surfaces of objects is as much a part of "the complete effect of art" as their drawing or their coloring. How can there be "a strength of vivid expression" in a face that is not made up of the flesh and blood of humanity, but is a pink and white porcelain face like that of a French doll! How can there be any "vivid expression" in a copper kettle that looks as soft as a pumpkin, or in a sheep that looks as hard as a tombstone, or in a table-cloth that looks as rigid as a square of zinc! A surface robbed of its character is a vacancy; and how many things in nature are dependent almost entirely upon their surfaces for identity, we may come to know by considering an ordinary ball-room illustration. Suppose a woman dressed in yellow tulle. The fabric is loosely woven, reflects no light of importance, is semi-transparent, gauzy, cloud-like. Suppose her wearing yellow ribbons—I do not know if that would be considered "good style," but let us suppose the case. One side of the ribbon shows a silk surface, closely woven, but reflecting little light, and dull in coloring; the reverse side shows perhaps a satin surface, glossy, bright in color, reflecting a great deal more light than the silk side. Suppose her wearing some gold ornaments; the metal is hard, compact, metallic, polished, shining with light. Suppose, lastly, the



XXI.—BOTTICELLI, Madonna and Angels.

woman has yellow hair; it is not a woven nor a metallic surface, but a mass of fine lines which, seen as a mass, is dull in parts and has some sheen in others, is light, wavy, fluffy, elastic. Here are five different materials not strongly distinguished by their drawing, for they have few hard lines, not strongly distinguished by their coloring, for they are all yellow, and yet distinctly five different materials by virtue of their light-reflecting surfaces. Should we extend the illustration and consider the great difference between the flesh of her arm and the glove below it, between the ivory of her fan and the roses at her waist, between the shining leather of her slipper and the floor she stands upon, we should have little difficulty in believing that a strength in their vivid expression in painting would be necessary to "the most complete effect of art." Almost every object in the world about us has its peculiar texture, and if we are to have an art that truly represents nature the painter must render these textures as they appear. Flat paint will not at one and the same time convey the various impressions of different objects, however true the drawing and local coloring.

Mr. Ruskin has classified textures under three heads:

"1. Lustrous, as of water and glass.

"2. Bloomy or velvety, as of a rose leaf or peach.

"3. Linear, produced by filaments or threads, as in feathers, fur, hair, and woven or reticulated tissues."

I repeat the classification for what it is worth, which is something, though I would suggest that you do not jump to the conclusion that among all the things created there are but three kinds of surfaces, and that three methods of painting will render them all. The human race may be classified under five or six heads, but from that it does not follow that the make-up of an Italian is quite that of an Englishman, though both be of the Caucasian branch. Each object in nature, though it may belong to a class, is peculiar in its surface construction, and its peculiarity in this respect may establish its pictorial character. The portrayal of this pictorial character cannot be done by any one or any three formulas for "doing" textures. The brush must adapt itself to the material which it seeks to reproduce, not necessarily by painting smoothly for smooth textures and roughly for rough textures, but by emphasizing the striking features. In everyday life we have a way of looking at things in mass, and receiving impressions of their salient features at a glance. For instance, we rise up in the morning, look out of the window, and say to ourselves it is clear, it is cloudy, or it rains; we do not analyze, reason over, and sum up the matter by counting

sunbeams, dark clouds, or rain-drops. We receive instantly a truthful impression gathered from one or two strong appearances. So, again, we come into a library, cast a look about us, and gain an idea at once of the whole interior. Under foot is a hard shiny substance which we see is a waxed floor, upon it lie some plush-like looking squares which we see are rugs, before a lounge is a dark hairy mass that we know is a bear-skin, the curtains hang in heavy lustreless folds, the books in the cases have a leathery look, the lamps a dull bronze look, the andirons a bright brass look. None of these objects impresses us by its minute details, but by its general appearance, its striking peculiarity. Soft pearl-like lustre reveals the character of a porcelain vase, transparency and reflection reveal that of a crystal paper-weight, and fluffy volume that of a feather duster. The skilful painters of textures seize and record these peculiarities; some of them by careful and detailed use of the point of the brush, like Alma-Tadema; others by broad sweeps of the flat of the brush, like Vollon.

The manner of execution is a matter of individual choice and temperament. There is no trick about it, or it might be readily taught. The young woman's belief that the artist who paints the copper kettle so beautifully must mix copper with his pigments has no foundation in fact. It is merely a

part of the painter's technic corresponding to that of the draughtsman or the engraver. This skill of hand is sometimes astonishing in its production of realistic effects. In the Metropolitan Museum is a small picture by Bargue of a Bashi-Bazouk seated on a stone, which will well repay a close study of its painting. The work is smooth, detailed, and quite perfect in its textures. Flesh, stone, copper, china, silver, silk may be as readily identified as though the model sat before us. This is a good instance of minute texture-painting, but there are other painters, like our own Mr. Chase, who are equally deft with their fingers in a broader way, and can, with a few brush-strokes, paint you silk, satin, and plush so that you would instantly know them apart.

Many painters, however, are so faulty in this respect that some warning against their work is necessary. Almost all of them can give us form and color, in a recognizable way at least, but the artist who can paint wood here, copper there, and silk elsewhere, is not so very frequently met with. If we examine the works of Mr. Watts, the Englishman, an artist of no mean ability but a poor painter, we shall find that his flesh looks like his cloth, his cloth like his marble, his marble like his Cupid-wings, and his Cupid-wings like a mixture of palette scrapings. Everything is painted alike, with the same brush-stroke and the same heavy, impene-

trable pigment. Inability to paint different surfaces with skill appears to be a failing of the English school, with some exceptions of course, and the Germans are little cleverer of hand. The Dusseldorf school, fond of allegories and the dramatic scenes from history, has taught its disciples to paint a marble column that looks like putty, and to place a splash of whitewash along the side of it for sunlight; to paint Greek costume as hard and rigid as it is usually seen in sculpture; to paint roads like mortar-beds; and stone buildings like whitewashed wooden ones. The Münich school is much better, but still persists in painting flesh that looks like sooty dough, and sunlight on polished furniture which looks like nothing so much as a copious sprinkling of white powder.

In every school are painters with a popular and an exaggerated reputation, who are notably faulty in texture-painting. To be disagreeably particular, I may mention as examples Richter, of the German school, Holman Hunt and Burne-Jones, of the English school, Bouguereau of the French school, and a great many of the older painters of the American school. In landscape painting the sins of omission and commission are even more frequent than in *genre* or figure painting. It seems to be thought by some people that the accurate painting of surfaces is requisite in the case of bright

things only; that a copper basin, a wine-glass, an apple, and a table-knife must show smooth textures by patches of high light, but that the broken waving lights and shades of forest foliage, the carpeted green of a lawn, the lustreless brown of a freshly ploughed field, may be painted in almost any way provided one gets the local coloring right. This would seem an error. The very beauty of a cloud is its formless drifting nature, its floating lightness; paint it hard and motionless in the sky like an iceberg in a sea of blue glass, and all the charm of the upper air is gone. The foliage is to our eyes foliage for the one reason that it is made up of many leaves dancing, changing, intermingling with each other in countless hues and shades; paint each leaf with shining edges of white so that it resembles a piece of newly-clipped tin, and again the beauty of the forest is destroyed. As well paint wooden water or leathern roses as take from any substance in nature that surface-appearance which goes to establish its identity. For a characterless object in a picture can do no good, and it has the ability to do much harm.

Probably the severest test of the good or bad texture-painting of a picture is to examine objects apart from their surroundings and ask yourself what they are meant to represent, and whether they represent it. Should you cut one of Kalf's or van

Aelst's painted lemons into strips, you would still have lemon strips; isolated or together. Desgoffe's jewelry is still jewelry; and the silks, satins, and marbles of Meissonier and Alma-Tadema, no matter where, or how seen, retain their identity.

But here it is worth while issuing a warning against applying this test indiscriminately to all classes of pictures, and in no case is it to be made a determining test as to whether a picture is good or not. Many pictures, though poor in texture-painting, excel by their other merits, those of Mr. Watts, for instance, excelling in imagination and poetic conception; and in judging pictures we must consider what the painter succeeds in doing, and not be forever critical over what he fails to do. Again, though texture-painting is not wholly confined to small easel pictures, yet there is some reason for thinking that it should be. It hardly comports with the dignity of a very large picture for it to have emphasized surfaces and glitters and glares of light, notwithstanding the examples of Titian, Paolo Veronese, and Rubens. A cottage may have a profusion of scroll-work and ornament as a little picture may be elaborate in its finish; but the castle and the wall painting require simplicity, and devotion to the larger elements of their construction. The large painting would seem to stand or fall by its composition or color; textures

are not vitally important to its existence. Still-life and *genre* pieces such as the Dutchmen, Steen and Terburg painted, and Vollon and Mettling paint to-day, are the proper kind of pictures in which to display brilliant texture-painting; but this cleverness of hand in small things would appear trivial in the pictures on the walls of the Panthéon at Paris. Moreover, great pictorial ideas or magnitude of subject, require more the artistic than the natural way of presentation. A comedy on the stage may be given in the ordinary speaking tones of the voice, but a tragedy requires melodramatic elocution. The classicists David, Ingres, and others, as I have intimated in a previous lecture, did not paint clothing but *drapery*, and did not draw the natural but the classic line, because these were more appropriate to their heroic themes. The Florentines and Romans of the Renaissance time worked in much the same way. Doubtless in many cases they failed to paint textures, because they did not know how, but this was not always the case. Judged by texture-painting alone, the celebrated "Sistine Madonna" of Raphael at Dresden is a poor affair, the surfaces being rather hard and dry throughout; but to disabuse your mind of the idea that Raphael did not know how to paint textures, you need only to see his portraits of Leo X. and Julius II., in either of which cloth, flesh,

XXII.—CORREGGIO, Madonna of St. Francis.

hair, wood, are wonderfully well rendered, considering the age in which Raphael lived.

There were, however, few of the Florentines who knew or cared much about texture-painting. Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Andrea del Sarto, usually disregarded such embellishments of style, and it was not until the time of the Venetians that brilliancy in the painting of silks, velvets, jewelry, and the like began to appear. Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese introduced all things that could add to the splendor of effect, and with great power, as we shall note further on; but for perfection in texture-painting they are not perhaps so celebrated as the Dutchmen, Steen, Terburg, and Pieter de Hooghe with their pots, tile-floors, huckster-stalls, and family groups. In modern times the French, the Spanish, and the American schools have devoted a great deal of time and energy to surfaces, perhaps at the expense of deeper qualities, but certainly not without compensating results. The practice has developed among the young men a great facility of the brush, which is in itself a pleasing accomplishment, and has helped toward a better and truer knowledge of nature by calling our attention to humble beauties. Clever texture-painting does not of itself make a great art, but it produces a strong, a virile, a healthy art, and when we see it combined with color in the works of Stevens,

Vollon, Chase, it takes upon itself an importance and has a rank comparable to the best painting of modern times.

. . . . . .

Brush-work. Finally, I come to speak of that which is intimately connected with the subject of textures—in fact the manner of their production in painting—the handling of the brush. This may strike you as a slight part of painting, with which the outside world should have little to do; and it is just because many people think in that way that I wish to take it up.

From our own endeavors we oftentimes content ourselves by exacting too little; from other people's endeavors we oftentimes *dis*content ourselves by exacting too much. All of us, in our different callings, are putting forth efforts to be good workmen, and few of us get beyond mere skilful proficiency; in passing judgment on others we somehow never consider them as learned or unlearned in their work, we require that they shall be geniuses. The average person in a gallery is seeking a masterpiece of sublimity, an exposition of transcendent beauty; he never asks: Is this piece skilfully done? Is that one strong? Is the other one brilliant? It is not to be wondered at, then, that he overlooks that cunning of the craftsman,

that sureness of the hand in art, which might pleasurably and profitably engage his attention. Those who seek continually after stars can hardly be expected to admire the loveliness of field flowers. Yet, shall we say that field flowers have no attractiveness? It cannot be claimed for brush work that it is the highest aim of art; neither can it be pushed aside as unworthy of consideration. It does not, perhaps, possess the sublimity of noble design, but at least it has the virtue of perfect achievement, and in this perfection there is a beauty which, the artists have rightly insisted, should have its proper recognition.

Brush work constitutes the painter's style as drawing the draughtsman's style. Each of them is analogous to the style of the writer upon which we lay considerable stress in our criticism. In both literature and painting, that which is said is doubtless of more importance than the manner of its saying; but again, we need not be so extreme as to conclude that because the matter is something, therefore the manner is nothing. We appreciate the simplicity of Cardinal Newman, the impetuous power of Macaulay, the ornate splendor of Théophile Gautier; why should we overlook these same qualities when shown in the paintings of Giorgione, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese? The individuality of the man, which is so apparent in

the writer, is hardly less apparent in the painter. When people write or paint they may describe things, but in doing so they record themselves. Those great Renaissance painters! how well and truly they wrote their autobiographies upon the walls and altars of the Italian churches! We might know the character of the men, had Vasari never lived and had German historical research never traced baptismal records and consulted tombstones. The autobiography in literature is one of the most interesting kinds of reading; the autobiography in art is not less so. Who would not rather learn something of Tintoretto in his style, than something of his Venetian senators in their portraits? Who cares for Rembrandt's sitters as compared with Rembrandt himself? And is not the character of Velasquez as shown in his art quite as interesting as the royalty he portrayed? "The pencil speaks the tongue of every land." It speaks the varying natures of many men, their views, ideals, sentiments, feelings. We cannot afford to despise it, for it is a part of our universal history.

By brush work I mean simply a manner of putting on paint. An easy thing, to be sure, and many think it done the best when the method of its doing is quite imperceptible. I do not know how the opinion ever obtained, but it seems still to exist in many quarters, that a picture which is as smooth

as porcelain in its surface must be a very fine work; whereas, on the contrary, one that shows brush-marks and rough facture must be a very bad work. Let me disabuse your mind of that idea if you possess it. The smooth canvas is more likely to be weak and worthless than the rough one—especially if it be a modern picture. Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Fra Bartolommeo, all painted smooth pictures, but they were not remarkable for being good painters. That may sound to you like a strange statement in view of the reputation of these men, but please note that I use the word *painters*. They were among the greatest *artists* the world has produced, but they lived in an age when handling was almost in its infancy, when there was little expression derived from the brush, and when the purely sensuous, the brilliant, the vivacious qualities of painting were undeveloped. Line and composition were their reliance, and impressiveness, dignity, grace, or grandeur their usual aim. Painting was little more than a filling-in of circumscribed spaces with different colors. The outline was made first and the color was added—with great effect surely, considering the materials used and the lack of brush knowledge at that time; but, nevertheless, as compared to later painting, quite immature. Men like Leonardo, Raphael, Perugino, Lorenzo di Credi worked over their canvases in a way that is almost

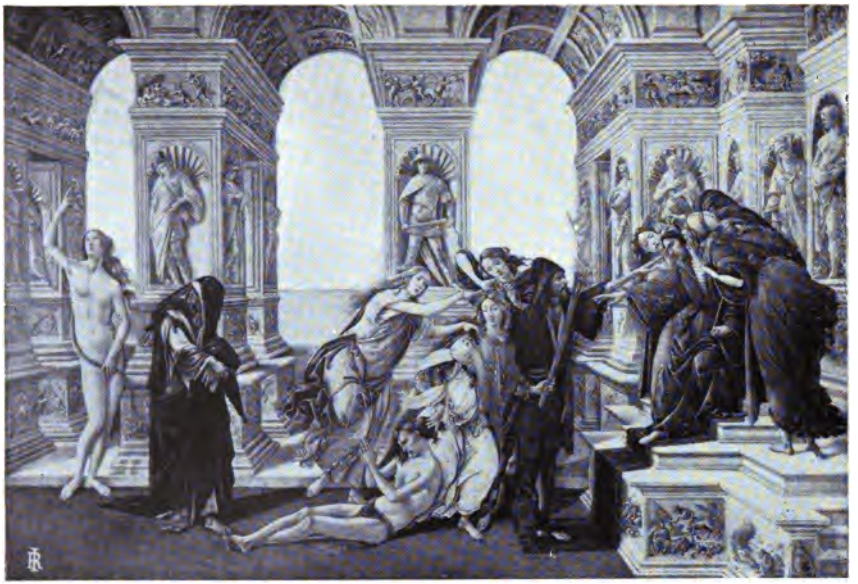
painful to behold in its nicety and accuracy. They were all dreadfully afraid their brush would slip over the edge or impinge upon the line. The great Leonardo! he who was so bold and self-reliant in invention, apparently handled a brush with the timidity of an academy art-student. Nor did anyone of those around him have the courage to use paint boldly, directly, enthusiastically, sacrificing smooth surfaces to expressive pigment, as Delacroix sacrificed legs and arms to expressive line. It was not for them to give that embellishment to art wherein we see the clear eye and the sure swift hand of the trained technician. Perhaps they did not need it; they certainly did nobly without it; and it is not the privilege of anyone to slur them nor do other than honor them. Yet it is a conceded fact in art criticism that the Florentines were not mature brushmen, and I state simply the fact that you may appreciate the Venetians who were mature brushmen.

It was Giorgione, Titian, and their school who inaugurated and brought to maturity the painter's art. Line and composition, which in their time even in the Venetian school held high rank, were not disregarded, but were made to share with color and brush work the task of pleasing the eye. Neatness, fineness, exactness gave way to facility, effectiveness, force. The monochrome ground upon

which the Florentines and Romans depended for transparency was pushed aside, and Titian based his picture in thick color, using this as a foundation to build upon. There is only the second-hand testimony of Palma Giovine to Titian's method of painting left us, but it is known that he worked over his pictures a great deal, amending and altering (it is said with his fingers, which he greatly preferred to his brush), and what with a kneading of the under-pigments and transparent surface glazes, he produced that richness of coloring, that warmth of flesh, and strength of touch, so characteristic of his work. The object of his art, like that of the Florentines, was to express pictorial creations, but he chose to embellish his work by color and brilliancy of handling for the purpose of pleasing the eye. How well he succeeded in this may be judged from the fact that painters and lovers of art for art's sake date the beginning of painting from Titian or Correggio, not from the early Italians or Raphael; as the book-lover may date the beginning of fine printing from Froben or Elzevir, not from Coster or Gutenberg. Almost all of the Venetians were remarkable for skilful fingers. Tintoretto's brush was headlong and impetuous, at times hasty and even ineffective, but at its best powerful in directness and splendid in strength. Giorgione, Palma, Vecchio, Paolo Veronese were all masters of

the craft, and even the last of the great Venetians, Tiepolo, inherited in no slight degree the painter's skill of his predecessors.

But the Venetians did not exhaust the resources of the brush. Many men with many styles were to come after. The style of Rubens was very different from that of Tintoretto. One was hasty and disposed to run riot; the other was swift enough but sure, measured but certain, free and yet constrained by a strong intelligence. Rubens's hand, one of the most adroit and certain hands that ever used a brush, moved to the dictates of Rubens's mind, touching, recording, impressing in the very spirit of that mind. With him there is no fire of hand except as secondary to a fire of thought. The stroke is premeditated, sensitive, absolutely truthful. With these qualities he combined a simplicity —a way of doing great things with slight means— that forms of itself a beauty in painting. Neither the porcelain surface niggled over with so great care, nor the rough plaster surface dashed on with so little care attracted him. Fromentin, himself an artist with exceptional advantages for studying Rubens's style, wrote of him: "He does not load, he paints; he does not build, he writes; his hand glides lightly over the ground, coaxing a little here, strengthening a bit there; with thin and limpid drag he spreads a broad glaze, suiting its consist-



XXIII.—BOTTICELLI, Calumny.

ency, degree of breadth, or *finesse* to each separate passage of his work." Infallibly he knows where to touch and where to leave untouched, where to place a light and where a dark, where a full tone and where a broken one. There is no need to question, the mind knows; there is no need to hesitate, the eye sees; there is no need to tremble, the hand moves. So, at least, it appears to us in examining the results of his brush. There is in the Lichtenstein Gallery, at Vienna, a picture of a woman's nude back with yellow hair streaming down it, that is, perhaps, the simplest and yet most powerful piece of painting in all the world of art. The absolute knowledge of effect, the sureness of the hand, the skilful ease with which the brush travels, are really astounding.

And what is the object of all this, you ask? To make the scene on canvas more effective and more beautiful in the manner of its telling; to bring us nearer to the personality of the artist, which we may see in every combination of color, management of light, modelling of form, handling of stuffs. We shall not know the Raising of the Cross and the Descent, the Calvary and the Crucifixion, without also knowing Rubens the brilliant stylist, Rubens the splendid colorist, Rubens the strong technician. We like Shakespeare's ideas, but after all there is little that is actually new in them. The

plays recite thoughts that have passed vaguely through the minds of many men at different times. But none in all the world has so well expressed them as Shakespeare. In other words Shakespeare's style counts for much. Why not that of Rubens?

Rembrandt never had the great facility of Rubens, but he was hardly less powerful in his results. In his early and middle style of painting he finished rather minutely and with smooth surfaces, but later on he loaded heavily and positively. Some of these late canvases appear to have been dragged and thumbed somewhat like those of Titian; the pigments are laid over and worked through; and he did not seem to think that art consisted in concealing art, for his brush (or thumb) can be traced in its movements through many of his canvases. The effect secured by Rembrandt in his work is usually most potent, but the means he employed for obtaining the effect appear rather compounded at times by the sacrificing of color to light.

Velasquez was much simpler in method. He was a painter of things in mass rather than in detail, and to get character without elaboration or hardness he used broad light sweeps of the brush from the very beginning of the picture. He did not catch at nor emphasize any particular feature. Light, form, color, all were but a part of a uni-

versal whole, and to paint the whole with truthfulness of effect and frankness of manner was his aim. Mixing, kneading, overlaying of pigments were quite foreign to his methods. His painting appears to be done once, no more, as though, like Lambro's sword-thrust, his first stroke left little need for a second one. Everywhere in his canvases he shows the trained hand of a most skilled technician; and it is the consciousness of power we receive from such work that gives us so large a part of the pleasure we feel in looking at it. He was one of the great masters of the brush, and when it is taken into consideration that his other artistic qualities were not inferior to his skill as a painter, we have one whose greatness the world, with all its admiration for him, has not yet appreciated. Painting reached its apogee with Velasquez; no one has carried it higher. Long time after him, in Spain, Goya seems to have partly inherited and cultivated his style; but Goya, though a clever handler of the brush, had not the freedom from eccentricity of Velasquez, nor the calm robust spirit that characterizes great genius.

From men like Velasquez, veritable Shakespeares of the brush, who maintain the equilibrium of style and thought, permitting neither the one nor the other to be obtrusively prominent, we may go back to the little Dutchmen, Hals, Steen, Terburg, who had not much to say, but had a charming way of

saying it. It can hardly be considered extravagant to assert that we would know little and care less for the pictures of Franz Hals, were it not that he possessed a vigorous style—an individual style. There is a strong characterization about his portraits, but that would hardly be noticed were it not for the easy strength of their handling. He seems to have been gifted with clever fingers, for in looking at his work we cannot imagine he ever served an apprenticeship. His work is not labored nor studied, but improvised, struck off on the spur of the moment. Véron says quite truly of him: "He launches his brush upon the canvas, and that with so great certainty and address that it always falls upon the precise spot where it is wanted, and never remains there one moment longer than absolutely necessary for the production of the required effect. We cannot conceive him deliberating over, retouching, or correcting his work. He carries out his idea at once and never returns to it." He has no great imagination, but he has an enthusiasm in his style that is contagious with the observer; he is not much of a poet, but he is a sparkling embodiment of dash and spirit; he is not profound, but he is decidedly clever in perception and brilliant in exposition. Some artists seek for the glory of the high ideal, and some for the verve of perfect skill; there is beauty in both, and it is not necessary that

we should institute any comparisons as to which is the more beautiful. If there is an attractiveness about the style of Franz Hals, then let us enjoy it as such and be thankful that he possessed not the insipidity of Sassoferrato, the sterility of Denner, nor the prettiness of Van der Werff.

Of Steen's style Sir Joshua Reynolds wrote that "it might become even the design of Raphael," and Lord Ronald Gower, evidently somewhat surprised, wonders what could have made Sir Joshua write "that astounding statement." But Sir Joshua was right, and there is nothing "astounding" about the statement except its truth, which is always more or less shocking to us. The Italian, with all his grandeur of conception and nobility of design, was no match for the Dutchman in manipulating the paint-brush. It was Raphael's weak point; it was Steen's strong one. The one man was a great artist; the other man was simply a fine painter. Steen, like Hals, Terburg, Brouwer, Teniers, and the majority of Dutch and Flemish *genre* painters, was not hampered with great ideas and fine frenzies. His thoughts and subjects were commonplace, often low, which was bad; he was satirical, which was possibly worse, for painting is not much of a medium for satire though cartooning or caricaturing may be; and he was comic, often funny, which was worst of all, for there is nothing funny about painting.

But if his head was not always well-balanced, nor his taste refined and elegant, his fingers were certainly skilful, and a fresher, crisper, more attractive way of painting would be hard to find in the Dutch schools.

The English school, except Sir Joshua and some few others, never excelled in brush-work, nor have the Germans any remarkable men of the brush in their past art-history. Among the more modern of the French painters Boucher, though clever of hand, was rather frivolous ; Fragonard was uneven, often painting with brilliant force and at other times degenerating into weakness ; while Chardin—the still, neglected and comparatively unknown Chardin—and Watteau were perfect painters, each in his peculiar field. The work of Watteau is the embodiment of liveliness and beauty, but it is in a light strain. He is to Paolo Veronese as a Heine to a Goethe, beautiful in what he attempts but not attempting the very great. Content with a lawn party or an interior of fashionably dressed people for a subject, he is likewise content with extreme cleverness, brilliancy of effect, and playfulness of touch. His style strikes one as an affectation, but in reality it is a serious and most skilful painting of the affected characters and subjects of the Orleans Regency.

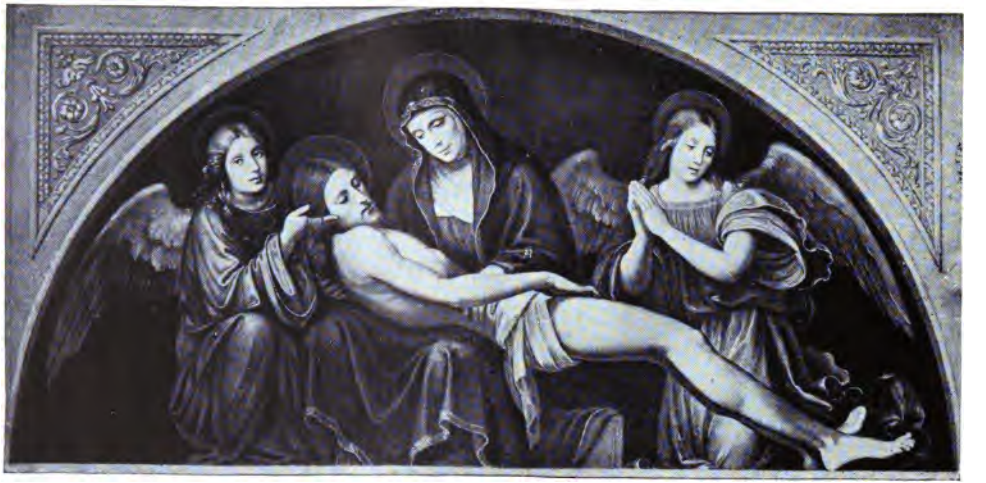
David, Ingres, and their following were draughts-

men and advocates of line, not painters in the present sense of the word. Delacroix revolted against their view in favor of an art with more feeling, passion, and emotion ; and the revolt was one of methods as well as of conceptions. The new handling of Delacroix was designed of itself to interpret certain moods or states of feeling, and within the limits of painting it was fairly successful. The romantic thought, productive of a romantic mood, was expressed in a romantic manner ; but it may be noted that oftentimes all three of these factors with Delacroix are better suited to literature than to painting. The literary side of romanticism influenced him greatly, and I am inclined to think he too often tried to express with a brush an emotional sensation not readily told by the means of form and color. Though a skilful painter and a fine colorist, he seems to me greater in his conception than in his execution, and deserving of more honor for the original view of art he revealed, than for the manner of his revealing it.

In recent years there has been a great deal of painting for paint's sake in France which has resulted in some excellent technicians and also in a good many extremists who have brought method into contempt by extravagance. With the good painters one might spend hours describing their different styles and accomplishments, but I must

content myself at this time with noticing only a few of them. Vollon's style is a never-ending source of admiration with painters and paint lovers. He is a master of the brush even in these days when brush-mastery has become an art in itself. It seems to him the merest child's play to brush in the folds of a table-cloth, the side of a china bowl, or a mass of fruit in a dish. He apparently does it with the careless ease of an ordinary painter laying in a ground or varnishing a canvas (indeed, I have been told that he sometimes paints pots and pumpkins with the flat of his forearm); yet so far from being careless in effect each stroke he makes is precision itself, and each shade or tint is just the one required and no other. The restorers of old manuscripts have a method of brushing over the parchment with a chemical which brings to the light the blurred and faded characters below; Vollon's brush is not unlike theirs in effect. His hand moves, and line, light, color, and textures follow as by magic—the magic of perfect skill. On account of his great technical powers, his fellows of the craft have called him "the painter's painter," and it is among painters that his work is held in the highest esteem. There is no one living who excels him in his way, and for this accomplishment, if for no other, he deserves the high rank he holds.

Courbet, scorning both classicism and romanti-



XXIV.—FRANCIA, Pietà.

cism in favor of realism, used to hold up his fingers exclaiming, in his self-satisfied conceited way, "Painting is there." Sure enough the brush part of it was there in his case. Whatever else he was or was not—"realist," as his friends chose to call him; communist, brutalist, and "drunken Helot," as his enemies named him—he at least possessed the artist's temperament and the painter's skill. He was a more uneven painter than Vollon, often doing indifferent commonplace work, but at his best strong as a Titan, turbulent as a Centaur, and moody as Prometheus. The nature of the artist, the subjects that he chose, and the manner of his treatment all move together along parallel lines, powerful in effect, direct in action, and at times violent and revolutionary in spirit. There is a certain impetuous energy in his brush, as though his work were done hastily and boastfully, as doubtless it was; yet there is also a largeness of view and a simplicity of touch about it that show a keen observer and a learned painter. Courbet's fingers made art of a decidedly strong and interesting kind; but his assumption that there was no art beyond that of the fingers was only one of those one-sided inferences which betray a one-sided view.

Before Courbet died there was another "art of the fingers," another style of brush-work set forth in the work of Mariano Fortuny, the most brilliant

painter of the modern Spanish school. It caused quite a Parisian *furore* in the sixties, and not without reason. For Fortuny seemed to have inherited the facility of Goya, and added to it a glittering ornate style of his own. A man of ability, a shrewd observer and a brilliant recorder, he was more than the "clever painter" people have chosen to consider him; he was an admirable artist. Yet as that portion of life which he was permitted to live (he died at thirty-six) is mainly devoted to mastering technical conditions, so Fortuny's art is perhaps more remarkable for its great skill than its profound imagination. His style was the embodiment of vivacity, captivating by its deftness of hand, dazzling by its sensuous elegance, and startling by its effects bordering on the *bizarre*. Nothing in nature escaped his observation. He seized upon the essences of all things, not despising the flash of a mirror, the sheen of a silk, the polish of a marble; nor passing by the gentle lap of a wave, the delicacy of a flower, or the billowy roll of a cloud. Wherever he could he strewed his canvas with gem-like flashes of color and light, touching at times as with a butterfly's wing, and again dashing down with strong impulse. It was his way, and a charming one surely, of enlivening his picture and pleasing the physical as well as the mind's eye. Poets and novelists strew their pages with simile, metaphor, and imagery to

brighten the theme and hold the reader's attention; why should not artists employ their brushes in a similar manner? To call it "style" in the one, and "trickery" or "mere cleverness" in the other, is very unjust, not to say absurd.

In landscape there has been much expressive brush-work shown by the Fontainebleau-Barbizon group of painters—the so-called men of 1830. Each one of the group saw a particular phase of nature and invented a style that would properly interpret it. To Corot all things were bathed in pale light; mountains, forests, lakes, marshes, were tinged by it; and a haze of atmosphere enveloped the scene. In telling this beauty, Corot in his late style seemed to paint with a feathery brush, emphasizing little, rubbing and blurring much for atmospheric effect, working always gently and tenderly as though too strong a touch would sweep away the illusion of light. The style embodied the conception; it could not have been better. But how different in his nobler canvases was Rousseau! He looked upon the world as an enduring, steadfast, eternal thing, a something solid, massive, bulky. Intuitively his brush paints solidly. He does not skim over the canvas; he dashes upon it with a full brush. He does not touch lightly; he loads heavily. He does not draw and fill in thinly; he models broadly. What is the result? His trees are strong, deep, full-rounded;

his earth is weighty, massive, expansive; his sky is the firmament of the days of creation, and his clouds appear like steadfast companies of white-winged ships that have been sailing around and around the globe for centuries. Daubigny and Jules Dupré were somewhat like Rousseau in a strong manner of doing things especially in marines; while others of the school like Millet, Troyon, and Jacque, though excellent in sentiment and fair technicians, were not remarkable for the brilliancy of their painting, though it was effective and well suited to the themes they chose.

I need not further attempt to describe the many different styles of the modern artists; for I doubt if you are interested in hearing about the methods of men with whose works you are possibly not well acquainted. I wish, however, to call your attention to some leading men in the different schools, so that should you hereafter see good examples of their works you may particularly notice the manner of their painting. In the Spanish school Madrazo, as well as Villegas and Rico, have somewhat of Fortuny's style, but some of the later men in imitating the style have lost the spirit of Fortuny's work, as might have been expected. In the German school Menzel, Leibl, and Uhde all speak different languages, but each in his way is excellent. In France, Alfred Stevens has a charming style, but

it is not always seen in that commercial work of which so much has come into this country of late. Carolus-Duran is strong and brilliant at times; Boldini, a Parisian-Italian, is dainty, delicate, and at times powerful; while Gervex, Latouche, and others are facile enough with the brush to keep up the French reputation for cleverness.

These names you have often heard and will doubtless easily remember; but I wish to call your attention further to some men here in America whose names and works are perhaps not so familiar, yet whose rank as painters is not below the rank of those whom I have mentioned. The works of Mr. Chase will not reveal to you much imaginative power, they do not attempt to reveal it, in fact they rather scorn it. But in effective brush-work, in strong handling, they will compare favorably with the work of any painter of any school. He is a master in his way, and you will find, when you come to study his pictures, that the enthusiastic dash of his brush, the certainty of his hand, make up of themselves an art which we are slow to admire only because of its novelty—because we have not the painter's point of view. You will find in Mr. Sargent as complete and thoroughly equipped a portrait-painter as Europe or America can produce. He has few equals and no superior. His brush-work is knowing to the limit of present

knowledge; effective as hardly any brush-work has been since the beginning of this century, and beautiful as only expression can become in the hands of genius. There is no better work to be seen in modern art. You will find in Mr. Blum a vivacity and charm of manner somewhat like that of Watteau. His brush touches lightly, gracefully, quaintly at times. It has a smack of Japanese art about it; it sometimes reminds one of Whistler's work, and again it has the certainty of Alfred Stevens. Never very profound in subject, his pictures are always entertaining in method; and in the handling of color and textures, especially in pastel, they are clever in the superlative degree. Differing in style from those I have mentioned, yet not the less brilliant in their way, will be found the various methods of Dewing, Wiles, and others; while in landscape Inness, Twachtmann, Tryon, lead in freshness of painting and strength of impression. While we are travelling the world over, viewing old masters in Italy and new masters in France, it may be well for us to keep an eye on our own; for here in this western world is rising a school of painters which we do not as yet appreciate, but which we shall some day delight to honor.

In speaking of brush-work I began by calling attention to painting under the early Italians, when form was dwelt upon and painting was but a

smooth filling-in of enclosed spaces. It was then in its infancy. Further on mention was made of the work of Titian, Rubens, Velasquez, and the moderns as representing the maturity of art when painting became expressive of style and personality, sharing with line and color the beauty of the picture. It is now worth while to point out a tendency toward over-maturity or exaggeration, which has begun to make itself apparent in some directions. Artists who have carried out ideas in a perfect style are usually followed by those who catch at the style alone and carry it into the grotesque. From the ripeness of painting there has been an inclination in certain schools to what Mr. Hamerton calls "over-ripeness." It is shown in many small catchy effects on the canvas, in the distortion of the true relations of objects, in isolated glitters and glares instead of unity and concentration, and by the painty over-running and sometimes obliteration of line. The pictures of Monticelli, who, however, only aimed at color and light, will instance this last defect, many of the impressionist pictures will further exemplify it; and among some of the younger Parisians there is a tendency to heap up ineffectual paint in attempts at breadth of handling and relief in modelling. All this is merely the extravagance that usually follows in the wake of genius and has no importance in itself. Not even the most enthusias-

tic lover of paint can rhapsodize over meaningless splashes of pigment. Brush-work must be shown to have an ulterior aim, and it must produce a decisive effect to command applause. If rightly used, it is an embellishment of art, and in some cases it is art itself. I will not say it is the highest kind of art. After all, it is the gem of thought we seek more than its setting; but if in the style of the setting we see and know a peculiar beauty, may we not draw an additional pleasure from the work of art?

Not in this lecture alone, but throughout the whole course, I have spoken to you more of art-methods than art-aims; I have dwelt upon the appearances of nature as we may see them about us, and as the modern artists portray them; I have sought to call your attention to those features of painting which are usually overlooked by the casual observer. It has not been claimed that these features are superior to those qualities of imagination and feeling which so truly belong to greatness in art; but it has been claimed that they possess a beauty of their own. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars. There is a time and place for each, and because we enjoy the splendor of the sun is no good reason why we should overlook or disdain the lustre of the stars. The technical beauties of paint-

ing are hardly the creative beauties of painting, but if we look at them aright we shall find that they have a charm of expression quite worthy of our consideration. I hope I have helped you in some measure toward an appreciation of them by calling your attention to them. Such was my object in preparing these lectures. I leave them with you, and for the kind attention you have accorded to them I thank you.

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